

Sports Illustrated



JUNE 14, 1976

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HOW TO EARN YOUR STRIPES

by Catfish Hunter

You only need one pitch Everybody says you need two, three, four pitches to be in the major leagues. That isn't so. One of the best pitchers I know throws nothing but fastballs. Changes speeds on it. A fast one, then a little off of it, fastball inside, then back away from you... and then he'll throw you a curve ball in the dirt. He keeps you off-balance, looking for that curve ball. But he's not going to throw it for you to hit it. He knows how to set a hitter up.

Now, see, I might mix 'em up and throw everything—fastball, breaking ball, change-up. Or just stay with one pitch because I've got it right on the corner, right within an inch of where I want it.

I give up a lot of home runs because batters know I'm a control pitcher. They know I'm not wild. They stand in there, and if you don't make the right pitch, they're gonna hit it. Ballparks shoot off fireworks after home runs most times. So my old teammates, they started calling me "Boom-Boom."

Between the hat & the moustache

You can have good stuff, but if you don't use your brain, you're not going to win. There's one guy, he's got the best stuff of any pitcher anywhere. But he doesn't win. They tell him, "Just get it across the plate anywhere...they can't hit it." You throw it breaking right down the middle and they're going to hit it! He's not thinking for himself.

I look to see how close the batter's standing to home plate...things like that. If he stands away from the plate, most times he doesn't like the ball inside. If he's standing back deep, he's trying to wait on a curve ball till after it breaks. And if he's standing up front, he wants to hit the curve ball before it breaks, so you throw him all fastballs.

Thinking pays off all the time. Like, if he hits the ball, where am I supposed to be? You've got to know when to back-up... some pitchers I know never think to cover first base! A good fielding pitcher can save five games for himself a year.



I tuck my thumb

I've only seen one other pitcher hold the ball like I do. See how my thumb's tucked under? That's the way I picked up throwing.

Don't know as I'd tell everyone to hold his thumb that way. What I do tell people, though, is how to handle a curve ball.

Most people, they throw it from out here to the side so they get a flat-breaking spinner that's easy to hit because it's curving on the same plane that the guy's swinging his bat. My advice is, always turn your wrist towards your body, like in the drawing. That way your curve ball is going to break like it should...downwards.



The secret of pitching I tell kids, the main thing to go for at first is accuracy. I'd pick up rocks when I was a kid and throw them at telephone poles. I'd throw corncobs at my brothers, and they were throwing at me. I wasn't just throwing at nothing; I was always throwing at an object, trying to hit it.

Once you've got your accuracy, don't throw the same speed all the time. That's the secret of pitching right there. Changing speeds. Take a little off here and a little more there...control, that's all you've got to have. It's not any good if your

fastball and your curve ball's the same speed. A guy gets the time on it, he's going to hit it.



Don't cheat your feet People see the stripe on the side of my shoe, they ask me how come I wear Pumas. I tell them the truth: I think they're the best shoe that's made. I couldn't run on that synthetic turf till I got those Pumas with the little suction-cup things.

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REO CLAY COUNTRY is what the tennis pros will be slogging through in Paris. Curry Kirkpatrick covers the French Open where the notorious surface guarantees big trouble for big-serve players

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDEY

A ONETIME SHRINK FOR THE SAN DIEGO CHARGERS TELLS ALL, AND IT ISN'T MUCH

It always helps to have a scapegoat. Harland (Sweden) Sware was quick to pounce on one last January, when he got named as general manager of the San Diego Chargers. His firing, he claimed, was the result of "unfounded, malicious and distorted facts" in a forthcoming book by Arnold J. Mandell, M.D.

Unfortunately, Sware will have to be more specific if he is to be persuasive. If Mandell's *The Nightmare Season* (Random House, \$7.95) is in many respects unsatisfactory, its portrait of Sware is likely to strike most readers as sympathetic and even admiring.

Mandell is a psychiatrist who spent the 1973 season with the Chargers as shrink-in-residence. Sware was then the head coach, and Mandell says the front office thought a psychiatrist might help him motivate the players—especially the "troublesome or dissatisfied defensive stars" for whom the Chargers had traded.

There is little in the book to suggest that Mandell helped much; the team won only one of its first eight games, and Sware was sacked in midseason. Mandell suggests that a more fiery coach might have been more effective than the low-keyed Sware, but it's clear that he admires Sware for precisely that quality. He is portrayed as a sensitive, introspective man torn between a love for "beauty and quiet" on the one hand and "the excitement of power games" on the other. If Sware feels his standing in pro football was hurt by such a portrait, that doesn't say much for pro football.

Beyond its depiction of Sware, *The Nightmare Season* is of interest only for Mandell's thoughtful discussion of drug use in sports. The Chargers had serious drug problems when Mandell joined them, and he attempted to ameliorate the situation by getting players off street drugs and onto prescriptions. For his trouble, Mandell says, he was barred from the NFL, but he makes a plausible argument that it is wiser to deal with the problem openly, keeping it under medical control, than to sweep it under the rug with heavily publicized disciplinary action.

Otherwise, the book has little to recommend it. There is some steamy and wholly gratuitous sex. A good deal of time is spent attempting to justify Mandell's role, or non-role, as team adviser. And the writing, by and large, is awful. Had Sware attacked the book on literary grounds, he would have been more convincing. **END**

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Footloose

by STEPHANIE SAITER

THE COURSE RECORD IS A 30-UNDER 42,
BUT THIS IS GOLF PLAYED WITH FRISBEE

"Why did you guys talk when I teed off?" the young man complained as he turned from the fairway. His shot had grazed a stately oak tree and was lying considerably farther from the hole than he had planned. His friends said something like "Big deal," and the threesome continued play on the world's first Frisbee golf course, in Pasadena, Calif. Opened in August 1975, the 18-hole Oak Grove Park course attracts about 1,500 players each weekend and has spawned two more courses in Los Angeles County. If it charged greens fees, you could say the L.A. County Park and Recreation Department has cashed in on a national fad; but, unlike real golf, the Frisbee courses are admission-free.

The course is spread over an area of about 20 acres, has a front and back nine, a par of 72 and cups (actually 25-inch-high baskets on poles that serve as pins). Players must shoot through or around trees, up and down hills and avoid out of bounds—the park roads, picnic tables and 33 other acres of Oak Grove County Park. Basic rules of golf apply, and Frisbee etiquette (whatever that may be) is in force at all times, according to a park information sign. Little diagrams of each hole, listing par, are posted at the tees.

Oak Grove and its two sister courses, La Mirada and Ladera, were the inspiration of Ed Headrick, founder of the International Frisbee Association, former executive of the Wham-O company, which manufactures Frisbees, and a La Cañada resident. He convinced the park department that a Frisbee golf course feasibility study would be worthwhile. The park planner assigned to make the study was 23-year-old Mary Becker, who found the idea not only feasible but nearly perfect. For once, the department received a prospectus that promised an inexpensive, simply installed facility that would benefit thousands. Headrick designed the course for free; equipment and labor cost \$2,000.

"We think this is a wonderful idea for public parks. It cuts across age, sex and economic lines," Becker said, surveying the first hole (par-3) of Oak Grove. "College kids and hipie high school types are our biggest group of participants, but all kinds of people who normally don't get involved in recreation come out to play. Since it doesn't cost anything, a whole family can pack a lunch and come out to the park for exercise and fun.

"Except for the course structure, there is no organization. You can play at your own pace and not worry about signing up or reserving time slots, as with tennis courts."

continued

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"Ma'am!" a voice boomed from the first tee. Becker instinctively stepped out of the fairway as a Frisbee whizzed by her ankles. The cry may never replace "Ford!" but the message was clear.

According to Becker, the design of a Frisbee course is limited only by the layout of the existing park. "We use older parks because they provide the best natural obstacles, like bigger trees and shrubs," she said. "The idea is to make the course blend in with what's already there and not disturb the other features of the park." In Oak Grove's case, that includes a steep hill covered with rocks, bushes and tree roots on which the fifth and sixth holes are located. A player wearing wedgy sandals might never make it to seven.

Naturally, the idea is spreading. Parks across the country have been in touch with the L.A. department, asking for information so they can set up their own courses, and a booklet to help course planners is being distributed free by the Disc Golf Association, P.O. Box 866, La Cañada, Calif. 91011. "Before Oak Grove, there were lots of temporary courses, set up just for tournaments or by a few people for private play," Becker

said. "Ed Headrick and his friends used to map out their own, but if you didn't know their boundaries, it was useless. We wanted people to have something permanent."

Ever sensitive to the wishes of the public, the park department is continually making improvements on the courses. "Everyone says that our pars are too high," Becker said. "We asked a few Frisbee geeks, like Headrick, Victor Malsfronise and Tom Boda, to play the course and set par, but it looks like we'll have to make the holes harder."

"Yeah, we're not very good and already we're 13-under," a high school type said. (The official course record is a 10-under 42.) "You ought to move some trees or something." The department is also continuing to experiment with hole structure. Originally, all a player had to do to "putt in" was hit a pole, painted International orange. On a 65-yard par-3 hole, even a duffer could envision a birdie. "We changed to these baskets welded to four-foot steel rods," Becker said. Then she asked a player, "How do you like them?"

"They're awful. I can't hit 'em," he said.

"We got more money for design—local businesses are becoming involved—and four

more courses are planned," Becker said. "We are also developing a mobile course that can be used in poorer economic areas where kids haven't had the chance to learn the fundamentals of Frisbee. This is really catching on. One of the phys ed classes from La Cañada High School, a block away, comes down here twice a week, and several engineers from the NASA jet propulsion lab come over on their lunch hours.

"We've seen ancient Frisbees appearing on the course, which shows that people's interest in the game has been renewed, and some players use more than one size Frisbee for tricky shots."

A member of a threesome who was "out of work, so I play every day," discussed the infinite possibilities of Frisbee courses. "Man, if you put in lights or water hazards and charged people, you could make a fortune," he said. "People would pay to do this." Another man, who was wearing a Budweiser T-shirt, shook his head and said, "No they wouldn't." "You want and see in the next few years," said his friend.

You could almost see Clifford Roberts presenting an international orange blazer to this winner.

END

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Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

EASTERN SLOPES

The Olympics are definitely moving East, figuratively and literally. Not only does Moscow have the 1980 Summer Games, but now the Czechoslovakian resort at Vysoké Tatry is talking of applying for the 1984 Winter Olympics. It has handsome new hotels all ready and expects to have the necessary sports installations built by 1978. Next stop, Red China.

DUCATS AND DOLLARS

Despite reports to the contrary, rumor has it that quite a few tickets to key Olympic events are still floating around, although they are selling in unofficial markets at prices well above face value. One entrepreneur claims to have amassed substantial numbers of such tickets by shopping for them in foreign countries, picking them up from the supply allotted to those countries by understanding the simple rule of inverse interest. That is, don't bother to look for gymnastics tickets in a country such as Japan, where interest in that sport is high; track and field ducats are easier to come by there. While Lord Killasno himself would have trouble finding a loose track ticket in one of the East African countries, choice seats for swimming and diving might just be sitting there. And so on. As a result of this international poking around, people with money to spend are still able to find and buy good seats.

... AND ROOMS

As for sleeping accommodations, the Quebec Lodging Bureau says it already has overseen the rental of more than 25,000 rooms—not including hotels and motels—and still has a few thousand available. The bureau, established in 1974 to prevent rent gouging during the Games, has had trouble with some would-be landlords, including a few who asked to be on the approved list but were turned down. A bureau spokesman explained, "We get people coming in here with nice places who say, 'We wouldn't want to have any niggers rent them.' Of

course, we can't put up with that. Others want \$150 a night for a room because it has a Gauguin in it. We turn them down, too. We sell them that all we really need is a bed and a sink."

The bureau has had furnished houses and apartments listed at rates of around \$50 a day. Now some unlisted homeowners, defying the law, are asking between \$4,000 and \$6,000 for the month of July, and choice one-room apartments in downtown Montreal are going for \$100 a day during the Games—although the standard unlisted apartment rental for the Olympic period (16 days of events, plus a few days before and after) is a flat \$1,000, just about the same as the listed \$50-a-day rate.

In any case, says the bureau, "We are confident that everybody who comes can get a bed." Just bring money.

STAN MUSICAL

"I hadn't expected to hear *The Red River Valley* played on a harmonica at midnight in Oslo, Norway," wrote columnist Tom Fox of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. But hear it Fox did, lovingly rendered with all the mournful longing of a homesick cowpoke who had just ridden in off the range. He investigated and found the harmonica player slouched against the fender of a taxi outside the Oslo airport. Then came Fox's second surprise. The virtuoso was Stan Musial.

Fox had flown across the Atlantic with Musial to begin a two-week tour of Europe but had no idea of the ex-ballplayer's musical talent. He subsequently learned that the 55-year-old Musial had been invited to play the harmonica with the St. Louis Symphony, is expert on the accordion and can even whistle superbly ("You'd have thought somebody was playing the flute," said the awed Fox).

Musial's wife Lillian says, perhaps facetiously, "When Stan was a boy, he didn't want to be a baseball player. All he wanted to play was the accordion. He bought one with his first World Series check, in 1942. He promised me he'd buy

me a diamond ring and get himself an accordion. He paid more for the accordion than he did for my diamond."

Musial was a smash hit in Poland, where his father was born. In a Warsaw restaurant he engaged in a harmonica-accordion duet with the house musician and played for hours, to the delight of the Polish crowd, which was unaware of his fame as an athlete. On another occasion he played at the home of Czeslaw Petelski, a film maker, who reacted by offering Stan a role in a Polish movie. "We'll film part of it in Chicago," he promised.

"Aw, look, I'm no actor," said Musial, grinning. "I'm just a cowboy."

STRATFORD DOWNS

Edward F. Murphy, the man who applies Shakespeare to sports, went to the races with the Bard, who sounds as though he had a bet on McKenzie Bridge last Saturday in the Belmont:

"Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!" *Trailer and Cressida*.

"Now is the day we long have looked for." *The Taming of the Shrew*.



" 'Tis a lucky day . . . and we'll do good. . . ." *The Winter's Tale*.

"I must go with you to Belmont." *The Merchant of Venice*.

"The gates are open. . . ." *Henry VI* (Part III).

"I have a way to win. . . ." *King John*.

"Well, I will back him straight." *Henry IV* (Part I).

"He can command, let it straight feel the spur." *Measure for Measure*.

continued

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"Be then as lightning. . . ." *King John*.

"On, on, on, on, on!" *Henry V*.

"I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better." *The Winter's Tale*.

"The steed is stalled. . . ." *Venus and Adonis*.

"The bloody spur cannot provoke him on. . . ." *Sonnets*.

"Come from behind." *Henry VI* (Part I).

"Where be my horses?" *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

" . . . I am burnt up. . . ." *King John*.

"O, that I knew . . . the beast, that I might rail at him, to ease my mind!" *Titus Andronicus*.

"All lost! . . . all lost!" *The Tempest*.

"Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!" *Romeo and Juliet*.

"Then with the losers . . . sympathize, for nothing can seem foul to those that win." *Henry IV* (Part I).

ABE'S LAW

In "They Said It" a couple of issues ago, Basketball Coach Abe Lemons of the University of Texas said, apropos the practice of college recruiters roaming far and wide, "One of these days the NCAA might put in a rule that says you have to have one player a year on your team from your home state."

If the NCAA had rushed such a rule through, Abe and Texas would be on the right side of the law—just. The other day the Longhorns released the names of four incoming basketball freshmen and said they would probably be all the players Texas would sign this year. One was from California, one was from Oklahoma, one was from Kentucky. But the fourth good old boy was from Waxa-by-god-bachie, Texas.

FAST COMPANY

When the Los Angeles Dodgers were floundering in last place earlier this season, an old familiar cry rang out: Fire Walter Alston! It was not a new experience for Alston, who must hold the major league record for Pennant-Winning Manager Most Frequently Criticized. After the Dodgers went on the winning streak that took them into the fight for the divisional lead, the yapping quieted. When they go into another decline—this year or next year or whenever—it will start up again.

This perennial criticism is unjust, as a

perusal of Alston's record over the last 23 seasons shows. And now a wanderer through baseball statistics has unearthed one more bit of evidence to show that the Dodger manager has earned a major place in baseball's pantheon. After 100 years of big league competition only six managers have won pennants in three different decades. Alston is one. The others are Connie Mack, John McGraw, Joe McCarthy, Bill McKechnie and Cusey Stengel.

You know a man by the company he keeps.

ICING THE BLOOD

Paul Newman and a company of more than 100 film makers left Johnstown, Pa., a week or so ago after spending two months there shooting a movie called *Slap Shot* about the rigors of minor league hockey. They spent more than \$1 million, used thousands of local people as extras (mostly for crowd scenes in the local rink) and created quite a bit of controversy, partly because of the hard language used in the film to help convey the image of violence in hockey.

Jim Cardiff, coach of the local Johnstown Jets of the North American Hockey League, turned down a \$600-a-week acting job in the film because, he said, "I accept Jesus Christ as my Savior. I don't use profane language in everyday life. No doubt there is profanity in hockey, but not to the degree it is used in the movie."

Nicholas Visovsky, whose home was a set in the film, was not bothered by the language. "I don't think it's a legitimate complaint," he said. "Professional sport has vulgarity." As for the presence of the film company in town, he said, "I don't recall anything as exciting as this since World War II."

Minor league players were active in the violence-on-ice scenes. One of them, Ray Schultz, said, "It was a lark. My part was like an Indian getting shot off a horse. Fighting, Hollywood style, is a highly technical art. Makeup puts scars, stitches, fat lips, that sort of stuff, on your face. You'd be going at it and some guy would say, 'Cut.' You'd go to makeup and get smeared with a little blood and resume your position. In one scene a guy getting stitched on the bench jumps back into action, the needle and thread still dangling from his face. Crazy!"

John Rubal, executive director of the Chamber of Commerce, said, "We don't

usually get this much publicity unless it's Bethlehem Steel closing down. Some people can't believe that Paul Newman was really in Johnstown. But it didn't impress me. Now maybe if it had been Raquel Welch. . . ."

HUNTER CATFISH

Well, folks, here it is Eddie Andelman time again, and the demon Boston broadcaster is back with a list of proposed sponsors for his *Sports Huddle* show. With so many athletes picking up lucrative commercial deals outside sport, Andelman figures their names could eventually become an integral part of the brand names you hear in commercials. For instance, he feels there could be a Pete Rose wingrower, a Bob Locker dealer ("Put a Bob Locker in your clubhouse") or—another part of the vast Bob conglomerate—a food distributor pushing Bob Yeale Cutlets ("From pasture to patio in less time than it takes to say Jack Ham"). Eddie believes that Wilbur Wood, maker of bats, benches and basketball floors, would be a natural advertiser on his show, but is not so sure about a plumbing supply house called the Tommy John Company. He wants to hear commercials for Murray Wall Paper, Salty Parker House Rolls and Gary Player Pianos, as well as an announcer advising listeners to visit their nearest Frank Tanana Amara dealer. Andelman is even thinking of moving to Ohio so that he can be sponsored by the Gates Brown Brown Gates Company, official supplier of gates for the Cleveland Browns.

THEY SAID IT

• Steve Renko, traded from the Montreal Expos to the Chicago Cubs, on what it is like to play in Montreal: "There ought to be a clause in our contracts allowing a player to veto a country. We have to pay two taxes, ours and Canada's. The only way to beat it is to move there, and I wasn't about to do that. And then there's the weather—awful."

• C. M. Newton, Alabama basketball coach: "When a coach is hired, he's fired. The date just hasn't been filled in yet."

• Bev Norwood, Winston-Salem, N.C., sportswriter, reporting on the Memorial Tournament played recently at Jack Nicklaus' Muirfield Village Golf Club in Ohio: "Sam Snead, trying to shoot his age the day after his 64th birthday, instead shot Cliff Roberts' age (83) and missed the cut by two shots." **END**

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CALL THEM CHAMPS AGAIN

After winning an incredible three-overtime game at home, the Celtics went out to Phoenix and polished off the Sunderellas to take their 13th NBA title

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

The Boston Celtics finally did it last Sunday. They pulled down the curtain on basketball's longest season by making the Suns set and winning the National Basketball Association's championship series 4 games to 2.

Exactly seven months and 13 days after the first tip-off of the campaign, Boston adjusted its defense, ironed the wrinkles out of its offense and defeated Phoenix 87-80 on the latter's home court, the Veterans Memorial Coliseum.

It was Boston's 13th NBA championship and no matter how often the Celtics hear the music it's still a grand old song. Said team captain John Havlicek, sipping from a bottle of champagne, "It never gets old. It only gets old if you lose."

But, in a sense, the Suns won, too. They distinguished themselves, extending the



Celtics to six games in a series that started out as a rout and wound up the next thing to a barn-burner. However, on Sunday, Phoenix dipped into its spring of emotion and pulled up a bucket of desert sand. The well that had sustained the Suns had finally run dry. "We were no fairy tale," said Phoenix' Curtis Perry. "We were for real."

The city of Phoenix was ready for Game 6, psyched after the memorable three-overtime fifth game in Boston Friday night when the Celtic fans put on what resembled an anti-busing demonstration. The Suns had been beaten, but the game was so exciting that two fans watching the game on television back in Phoenix wound up being taken to the hospital. One jumped up and hit his head on a chandelier, and when his next-door

neighbor went to help him, he tripped and fell.

The Celtics, who had lost Games 3 and 4 at Phoenix, were ready for the sixth game, too. Boston played it cool and efficient, though finding it difficult to operate with its fingers in its ears against the home-court din. The first quarter ended at 20-20; the half with Boston up by five at 38-33. By the opening of the fourth quarter, Phoenix had toughed it back to 57-56.

The Celtics used their switching defense to stop Garfield Heard and Perry inside and got their running game cranked up. Yet the score was tied (for the 12th time) at 66-all, with a little under eight minutes to go, before airtight Boston defense finally produced a Phoenix vacuum. For almost the next

seven minutes the Suns did not score a field goal and by then Boston had a 10-point lead and the corkscrews in the champagne.

The winners used textbook basketball down the stretch, scoring almost every time they handled the ball, the big play being a Dave Cowens steal from Alvan Adams that resulted in a three-pointer. That was the beginning of the end to a series that had more than its share of highlights.

For example, the incredible fifth game in the raucous Boston Garden on Friday could be used as a training film for the National Guard—or donated to the Basketball Hall of Fame. It had three overtimes (first time ever in an NBA championship series), classic heart-stopping moments and a near riot caused by

continued

In the second overtime, Havlicek's shot put Boston ahead 111-110, though the scoreboard has not yet changed and time, in fact, has not run out.





A Boston fan tangled with Referee Powers.

CHAMPB AGAIN Continued

a group of fans who would have cheered the Boston Strangler. Afterward, Phoenix General Manager Jerry Colangelo all but suggested that the Suns needed either additional police guards, or machine guns to protect themselves.

"I'm glad you told me," said Boston General Manager Red Auerbach blandly when he was told of Colangelo's remarks, patting the pocket where he kept the stat sheets of the 128-126 victory.

Besides having to suffer an agonizing defeat, the Suns had to endure the attentions of a mob of dished crazies. Referee Richie Powers was assaulted by one extremist, Suns Ricky Sobers and Dennis Awrey were ready to rumble. A courtside table was picked up and hurled into the air. A basket support was almost toppled over. And the elderly and woe-folly undermanned Garden security force stood virtually helpless as hundreds of snorting fans stormed the floor as the close of the second overtime, believing that the game had ended and that their

beloved Celtics had won. In fact, a full, faithful second remained.

The scene, when play finally resumed, was not encouraging for Phoenix. "It's a fortunate thing that one of the players did not wind up with a broken leg or a broken arm," said an angry John MacLeod. The Phoenix coach had had to spend half of each time-out weeding Celtic fans out of the Phoenix huddles, and he harbored a suspicion that the chaos had intimidated his team in a way the Celtics could not. The Suns began the third overtime cautiously, as if they expected the worst from the crowd. "You never know," said Phoenix' Dick Van Arsdale. "Some crazy fan is liable to come at you with a gun."

"If some fan hits me on the court, he's in trouble," said the 6'10" Awrey, the Suns' substitute center. "That's our territory. We can't go in their territory. They can't come in ours."

The disorder marred a game that should be remembered and savored like a crystal glass of vintage wine. It was so exciting that a dehydrated, haggard Coach Tom Heinsohn staggered into the Boston locker room and almost fainted.

The epic began to unfold with the Suns down 32-12 after nine minutes. Their best play until then had been the time-out. But MacLeod had taken a diverse group of veterans—some of them castoffs—and rookies, and molded a tough team. Patiently they chipped away, good poker players waiting out a run of doleful luck, systematically running their clockwork offense.

Meanwhile, the Celtics were being forced to shoot from so far outside that they required downrange tracking; in the last half they scored only 34 points. Both teams had opportunities to win the game near the end of regulation but Perry and Havlicek each blew free throws. For that they should be thanked. The score remained 95-95 and what took place thereafter opened clogged arteries from coast to coast.

The first overtime merely caused television sets to smoke, ending at 101-101. The second overtime was the thriller. Fifteen seconds from the end the Celtics had a three-point lead and the fans were chanting "We're No. 1," though it might as well have been "Jo-Jo White," so spectacular had been the Celtic guard. Then Van Arsdale scored and Paul Westphal stole the ball from Havlicek, giving Perry a 15-foot jump

shot. He rebounded his miss, took another jumper which hit to put Phoenix ahead 110-109.

The Celtics ran a play for Havlicek. Hondo had last scored way back at the end of regulation, and since then had been practicing the 20-foot curve ball jumper. But now Havlicek put down his shoulder, drove down the left side past a wary Ricky Sobers and banged one in off the backboard from 15 feet out—111-110. Instant hysteria. The fans took over the floor. The problem, as Referee Powers eventually made clear, was that there was still one second to play.

In the ensuing confusion, Westphal came up with an ingenious idea. The Suns were to get the ball at the endline with one second and no chance at all. So when the floor had been cleared, Westphal called a time-out, which was illegal since Phoenix had no time-outs left. While therefore got to shoot a technical, which put Boston up 112-110. But the Suns had the ball at midcourt. They got it in to Garfield Heard who launched a jumper that brushed the ceiling and swished. And it was time for overtime No. 3.

For much of the series, the Boston backcourt had been inconsistent. While Charlie Scott blasted away with the accuracy of a sawed-off shotgun, and reserve Kevin Stacom skated on melting ice under Heinsohn's heated gaze, only



White, who later was voted the series' MVP, had held things together. But even Jo Jo could not finish off the Suns. In this third overtime it remained for reserve Glenn McDonald—at the stroke of midnight—to accomplish that. Just as the digital clock in the arena jumped to 12:01, McDonald scored on a short jumper to give Boston a lead it held the rest of the way, hanging on to win 128-126. On this night, at least, Phoenix was indeed a team of Sunderellas.

They also were down 3-2 and riddled with injuries. Keith Erickson twisted his ankle early in Friday's game. Westphal's left knee was wrenched, and Awtrey was limping on a sore foot. Still, the Suns maintained their belligerence. "We know we're going to beat them," said Heard. "It's going to take seven now, but we're going to beat them. We showed we came to play."

"They earned their respect," Paul Silas acknowledged from the Boston dressing room.

Earlier in the week, the talk had been of retaliatory strikes. Boston had pushed Phoenix around in winning the first two games, and the Suns had complained long and loud. Then, in Game 3 the Suns showed some muscle of their own. "We're going to go down swinging," said Colangelo. Meanwhile, everyone was trying to figure out what exactly was

meant by "tactile contact," which is permitted by NBA rules, and how to relate it to the bump-and-run tactics used by the Celtics.

The fourth game in Phoenix on Wednesday was slowed by fouls at the start. Officials Don Murphy and Manny Sokol called 21 penalties in the first 10 minutes and Heinsohn set a new record for footage on the isolated TV camera as he complained, mocked, stormed, gestured, feigned bewilderment and conducted classics in sideline theater of the absurd.

Still Boston hung close, down by two points with 1:34 to go before Sobers drove the middle and invented a shot that blasted off the backboard and through the net. When White missed a jumper near the buzzer, Phoenix had a 109-107 win. Afterward, Heinsohn said the game lacked only cheerleaders and acrobats. "It was high school," he roared.

"They cheat," said Charlie Scott. "If they don't want us to play, tell us to stay home."

Only Cowens and Havlicek offered voices of reason. Cowens said he was sick of the complaints about the refereeing. And Hondo pointed out the Celtics were not showing much intelligence. "How dumb can we be?" he asked. "They call fouls if you touch them and we get into a hand-slapping contest." Heinsohn's



Heard's shot over Heinsohn: another overtime

By the time Game 5 ended, Heinsohn (center) was drained and spent and needed a doctor.



theatrics throughout the series came under close scrutiny as the media in Phoenix and Boston and points in between sneered at his flamboyant behavior and dissected his strategy, giving credence to the coach's belief that he was being persecuted—a feeling fostered, no doubt, by his having to look over Auerbach's head every time he turned around.

Meanwhile, the suave MacLeod was being hailed as the great innovator, as much for his tasteful suits and ties as for his prescience and an enlightened offense. Walking from the Boston Garden on Friday night, Westphal was told by Silas that Heinsohn was ill.

"Gee, I hope he's all right," said Westphal. "Our team needs him in there."

But Boston had obviously learned something from its mistakes. In Game 6 the Celtics used their feet instead of their hands on defense, and Heinsohn restrained himself on the sidelines. After all, he was a coach who had taken a team that lacked the old Celtic depth and put it on the road to the championship.

And the road that ended in Phoenix had sometimes seemed endless. **END**



Dwight Stones (left) was pushed by 18-year-old Mike Winsor, whom he loved almost too well.

THE RIGHT HEIGHT FOR DWIGHT'S FLIGHT

He predicted he might, and when the high-jump crossbar was set at 7'7" in the NCAA meet, Stones was so right, clearing it for a world record

by PAT PUTNAM

By midafternoon last Saturday in Philadelphia, with the temperature in the mid-70s and the sun burning down full bore, Dwight Stones knew he was about to break his world record in the high jump. At the moment he and Mike Winsor, a 19-year-old freshman from Central Michigan, were dueling at 7'4 $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

"All I have to do is wait for them to move that thing up another three inches and then go," Stones told a photographer. "It will be like stepping out of a shower."

Three weeks earlier Stones had predicted to Ed Fabricius, the sports information director at the University of Pennsylvania, which was hosting this year's NCAA track championships, that he would break the record. In this Olympic year, the NCAA was offering such superb athletes as Earl Bell, who had set a world record of 18'7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " in the pole vault the week before, and Auburn sprinter Harvey Glance, plus three 400-meter men—Herman Frazier, Evis Jennings and Ken Randle—who are strong favorites to form the U.S. entry at Montreal. Still, Fabricius felt he needed more gate appeal.

He telephoned Ron Alice, Stones' coach at Long Beach State. He told Alice he needed a hype for the gate and asked if he could get a good quote from Stones. Alice said he would call him back.

The next day he did. "Stones said he will set a world record," Alice told Fabricius.

"Can I quote him?"

"Stones said you can put it on a billboard if you want."

For nearly three years Stones had been trying to break the record of 7'6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " he had set in 1973. He had taken 63 cracks at 7'7", and each time he had failed. The height, he was afraid, had him psyched.

"Then everything changed for me," Stones said last weekend. "Three weeks ago everything came together. I felt stronger than ever before. I was faster than at anytime in my life. My chiropractor said go. My physiologist said go. They both predicted a world record. Suddenly I could look at 7'7" and laugh."

The chiropractor is Dr. Leroy Perry Jr., who has been working medical miracles for the track and field athletes at USC. Stones says he had been handicapped by a congenitally weak back that

caused an imbalance in his hips. A little manipulation and Dr. Perry had the hips back into alignment.

Dr. David Martin, a physiologist at Georgia State, had worked with Stones on other problems. For one, there is a history of cardiac trouble in the Olympic bronze medalist's family. After six weeks Dr. Martin had helped him to improve his heartbeat recovery and had pronounced the organ strong and sound.

"I personally guarantee a world record," said Dr. Martin.

On Thursday, qualifying day, he found a little too much competition. Stones was one of 39 trying to make the finals. At day's end 17 had cleared 7', but only three had managed 7'1". That meant that on Saturday there would be 17 jumpers in the final.

On Friday, Stones held a 90-minute clinic for a group of coaches. Attending was the unheralded Winsor, a 6'1" freshman who had a lifetime best of 7'2". Afterward he asked Stones what he could do to improve his jumping.

"You make two left turns in your approach," Stones said. "And you use your right arm like some women floppers do. You must make your turns more gracefully. And your right arm should be ahead of your body over the bar. Got it?"

On Saturday Winsor had it. Quickly the field was narrowed. As Stones put it, "We got rid of the riffraff at 7'1". Soon there was only the Olympian and his student. Stones was the first to try for 7'5".

"I didn't like going ahead of the kid," said Stones, an ancient of 22. "If I missed my first try and he made his, I was in trouble."

Stones went over 7'5" on his first attempt. He tumbled in the pit and pointed at Winsor. "O.K., now it's on you." Winsor made the height on his first attempt as well. Coming up off the foam, he cockily pointed toward Stones and said, "Now it's up to you."

The bar went up to 7'7". "Funny," Stones said later, "I wasn't even thinking of the 7'7". The height had lost its psych. All I was thinking was, 'If I miss this and he makes it I not only lose the world record, I lose the meet. Come on, Dwight, get it on.'"

Getting it on, Stones cleared the world-record height on his first attempt. Then arising, he again pointed at Winsor and said, "Now it's back on you again." Win-

sor grinned and hugged Stones. "O.K.," Stones said gruffly. "Get it together. Take your time. The officials are great; they won't hurry you. Wait for a hall in the wind. Get it done because you can do it."

Winsor made three attempts, all misses. He went over to Stones. "What did I do wrong?"

A small smile played upon Stones' lips. "Kid," he said, "you have just attended your last clinic. From now on I am barring all athletes."

Then he hurried off to watch the last few events in the meet. An avid track fan, Stones misses little of what goes on during the competition around him. Saturday, between jumps, he often climbed high into the stands at Franklin Field for a better view. He was there on Friday when Glance, speeding strongly toward a place on the U.S. Olympic team, won the 100 meters in 10.16. On Saturday the Auburn freshman made it a double, winning the 200 in 20.74.

And Stones was groaning with the rest on Saturday when Bell, after winning with an 18'1 3/4", failed three times in his bid for an 18'8" world record. "But what I really enjoyed," Stones said, "was watching those 400-meter dudes run."

The 400 was a first-time match-up between Randle of USC, Frazier (Arizona State) and Jennings (Mississippi State), and each wanted a victory to take into the Olympic Trials. Randle had run a 44.9 in his semifinal on Friday, but he had come away limping badly. All year he has been suffering from tendinitis behind his right knee. Then Dr. Perry, who came in with the USC team, began to work his magic.

"He worked on it three times today," Randle said before Saturday's final. "He uses acupuncture. I don't know what he does but when he finishes I feel like I could run forever. He's just super. We all are praying they put him on our Olympic medical staff."

Not believing that strongly in chiropractic magic, Jennings had decided to keep an eye on Frazier and forget about Randle. Fra-

zier, who drew an outside lane, forcing him to run without being able to see either rival, decided to run just as fast as he could.

Frazier, who ran his first 440 when he was a senior in high school, blazed away to a strong early lead. "I came out of that last turn and I couldn't hear anybody," he said later. "I figured I'd won."

But at the 300 mark, both Randle and Jennings had begun to move. "And for me that was 30 yards too late," Jennings said. "Stupid! On this track you only have 60 yards coming out of the last turn and that's too little ground for me. But I learned. It will be different at Eugene."

While Frazier figured he was home free and Jennings was bemoaning his faulty tactics, Randle turned it on over the last 30 meters and won in 45.2. That was enough to insure USC's 25th NCAA outdoor title since 1926. Frazier was second (45.3), with Jennings third (45.5).

"I almost fell on the backstretch," said Randle, grabbing his right leg. "It really scared me. I thought I was going down. Boy, if my leg had really been ready I'd have done a 44.2. Thank God it's over. This leg is sore."

Then he went limping off in search of Dr. Perry. "Hey," he yelled at a teammate, "where's Dr. Magic Hands?" **END**

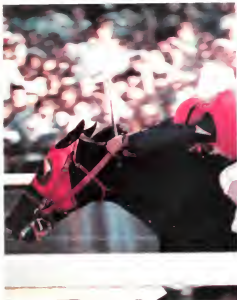
Olympic hopefuls Randle and Frazier were 1-2 in the 400.



PUTTING THE BEANS ON THE FIRE

A sizzling pace could cook Bold Forbes, but it was not burning in the Belmont Stakes

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



Early last Saturday afternoon, before the 108th running of the Belmont Stakes, Angel Cordero Jr. made his way through the bucolic picnic area located behind the grandstand at New York's Belmont Park. He wore a magnificent, sharply pressed black suit with a bright red vest, the racing colors of the horse he would ride, Bold Forbes. As Cordero moved toward the bandstand at the back of the park, people sprawling on blankets and picnicking at tables rose, the word of his arrival passing among them as swiftly as if it were being transmitted by bongo drums. Cordero climbed on the bandstand from which the orchestra of Tito Puente had been delivering the riffs and beats of Latin America, and the crowd, which was largely Spanish-speaking, began to cheer. The flashy Puerto Rican rider is a hero to Latins in New York and his broad grin appears on billboards advertising beer in Manhattan's *barrios*. Now Cordero's hands shot out, his fingers forming Vs, and there was lusty applause. It was just a dress rehearsal for what was to come.

Hours later, as Cordero crossed the finish line at the end of the mile-and-a-

half race, having brilliantly orchestrated the triumph of his colt, he stood high in the stirrups and waved joyously. By the time he and his horse returned to the stands, which were teeming with 57,519 people, the Latin fans were in a frenzy. Wearers of red T-shirts stamped "Bold Forbes" danced and hugged each other, red, white, and blue Puerto Rican flags waved feverishly. Cordero stuck his whip in his teeth, dropped the colt's reins and again made the victory sign.

Over and over he shouted, "Viva, viva, viva" as he walked the colt through Victory Lane. The Triple Crown races now concluded, Cordero, Bold Forbes and Trainer Laz Barrera are surely the conquistadores, having won two of the three legs—and they were greeted as such last Saturday. Never mind that at the end of the Belmont, the toughest of the classics, Bold Forbes resembled a tired, drunken man trying to beat the dawn home. Defeating McKenzie Bridge by a desperate neck he managed to stay in front all the way, an accomplishment matched only by Secretariat and Riva Ridge in the past 27 years. Bold Forbes not only ran far, he also ran very wide because of a quirk

of temperament. And he ran on three and a half feet because part of his right rear hoof had to be cut away after being cracked earlier in the year. In mid-March the chances of Bold Forbes getting to the Kentucky Derby seemed bleak indeed, but in the last 12 weeks the small, game colt has won four races, finished third in the Preakness and earned \$398,540.

The field for this year's Belmont swelled overnight from six horses to 11. Owners and trainers of colts of modest talent could not believe that the sprinting Bold Forbes would be able to carry his speed over the full distance. Earlier it had been announced that Honest Pleasure, the hero of winter racing, would not start and on Monday the Preakness winner, Elucationist, was hurt and declared out of the race. So as the classic lost luster, it gained starters.

This was only the second time in the last 70 years that there were more starters entered in the Belmont than in the Derby. Of the nine horses in the 1976 Derby only Bold Forbes and Play the Red endured the hard grind from Kentucky to the Preakness in Maryland to New York. The pressures of running in



Straining hard, Bold Forbes outlasts McKenzie Bridge and the blinkered Great Contractor.

the Triple Crown races are intense to man and horse.

For Bold Forbes, Barrera and Cordero the pressures were magnified by the trio's popularity with Latinos everywhere. Had Bold Forbes won the Preakness there is no telling how many people might have been at Belmont to see him try for the Triple Crown, surely as many as the record 82,694 who showed up in 1971 when another Latin runner, Cañonero II, was shooting for that prize.

On Friday, Laz Barrera was asked about the crowd of horses not the crowd of fans, but he did not seem worried. "People think that Bold Forbes will stop at a mile and a half," he said. "I don't think he will. Remember, he is on his home grounds now. He lives at Belmont and he trains at Belmont. Only once in his life has he ever raced at Belmont and that was in the Tremont last year and he won by five lengths. When we go to Aqueduct we have to ship. We shipped to Kentucky and then to Maryland. When he got injured in the Preakness, he returned home and things seemed normal to him again. We have galloped him two miles just like we did before the Derby.

"This thing has been a long grind for me and for him. I seem to have been on all the airplanes that ever climbed into the sky. I am a talkative man, but in the last six weeks it seems that I have talked more than I have in all my life. I am so tired I want to put my body down. People can say that Bold Forbes will not go a mile and a half. Let them talk. Let's wait until the race is run. But remember the fish: he only gets caught when he opens his mouth."

Of the 11 horses entered in the Belmont on Thursday, only two—Charleston and Best Laid Plans—seemed to have enough early speed to run with Bold Forbes. On Friday Charleston went lame and was scratched. And on Saturday Best Laid Plans did not challenge until midway in the race and then fell back. Both were breaks for Bold Forbes.

The colt pounced out of the gate onto the lead as Cordero moved him wide, almost to the middle of the track. Bold Forbes stayed out there, losing distance with each stride, but not losing ground to his opposition. Barrera had hoped Cordero would cover the first half-mile in "around 47 seconds." Angel did ex-

actly that. Laz watched the race and kept looking at the times flash on the infield tote board. He was pleased when Bold Forbes got the six furlongs in 1:11½ and the mile in 1:36. "At the end of the mile," Barrera said, "I knew that we could put the beans on the fire."

Getting them to the table, however, was no easy matter. At the top of the stretch Bold Forbes had a six-length lead. Suddenly it shrank as McKenzie Bridge and Great Contractor rolled up from behind. "If it had been a mile and a half and two jumps we might have lost," Barrera said later. "But it is a mile and a half without two jumps."

"Now that the Triple Crown races are over, I can reveal a secret. We found Bold Forbes could not be rated if he was allowed to get near the rail. He needs to see other horses to stay relaxed. We were careful to keep him off the fence in the Derby, Preakness and Belmont, and it worked except at Pimlico. Sure, he loses ground that way, but he can be rated to some degree. It is a matter of how he was trained as a young horse."

"People thought my secret was the blue suit I am wearing. I wore it to all of the Triple Crown races. But the suit is not all that lucky because it only won twice. The truth about the suit is that I have lost a lot of weight and it is the only suit that fits."

"I saw the big crowd and heard the Puerto Rican people screaming when Bold Forbes won the Belmont. I cried in the winner's circle because any man who wins the Belmont and does not cry is not a man. In 16 years of training in this country I had never won a \$100,000 race. Now I have gotten lucky and won five of them in seven weeks. Bold Forbes will get a rest now until the Travers at Saratoga in August. He needs a rest and so do I. Bold Forbes has a heart as big as all heaven. And God, I have found out, is Latin."

AND

SHH, THE PHILLIES ARE AT WORK

Philadelphia's front-runners, the winningest team in baseball, operate in an atmosphere of spectacular calm. A trio of defeats last week failed to shake their new confidence or their National League East lead by **RON FIMRITE**

Tim McCarver, a catcher for the Philadelphia Phillies, was carrying his postgame snack from the clubhouse buffet to his locker last Friday evening when he stumbled just enough to dislodge a golden ear of corn from the paper plate. In anguish, he watched its descent to a floor strewn with socks and jocks and other unsanitary paraphernalia. The ex-

plosion of profanity that accompanied this mishap would not seem out of place in most locker rooms, where even the most loathsome expletives are routine. But here, in the tranquillity of the Phillies' retreat, his curses resounded as if they had been bellowed in a cathedral. Almost apologetically, McCarver retrieved the fallen viand and repaired to

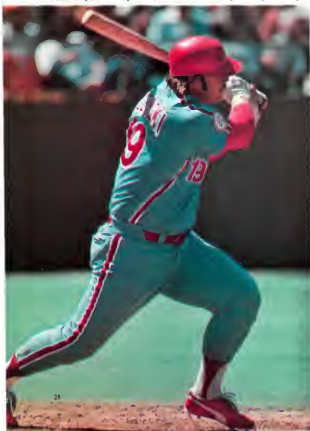
his cubbyhole, his craggy features metamorphosed into those of a mischievous schoolboy. McCarver, an intelligent man, knew better: Phillies do not react so openly to untoward events. Had not his teammates stoically withstood the shock earlier that night of a second successive defeat in a season virtually devoid of setbacks? Who was he to bemoan the fumbling of an ear of corn? Let him eat cake.

In victory or defeat, the Phillies pride themselves on their placidity. They behave unconcernedly, as if they had been winning pennants for decades instead of aspiring to their first in 26 years. Such is the nature of a talented ball club which had threatened to run away from its pursuers in the National League East. The Phillies had won 32 of their first 43 games, including 13 in a row on the road, before first St. Louis, then San Francisco, proved them mortal. The Cardinals halted their string of away victories with a 7-1 clobbering Thursday and the Giants, cellar inhabitants for much of the season, defeated them 5-1 and 4-2, the first loss terminating Phillie Pitcher Jim Lonborg's personal win streak at eight straight. The three-game losing streak was Philadelphia's longest of the season.

The Phillies endured this sudden embarrassment philosophically, acknowledging the time-honored dictum that "You can't win 'em all." They are buoyed in defeat, as in victory, with what McCarver calls a "subtle confidence." Asked to define his terms, the catcher explains, "Ours is not the boisterous kind of confidence you find on some teams. That always seems a little thin on the edges. We've got a wealth of professionalism and we put things in the proper perspective. We are not going to sit back after this fast start and wait for the other teams to be impressed with us."

The Phillies are perpetually dogged by the presence of their Pennsylvania neighbors, the Pittsburgh Pirates, the team, as they put it, "to beat." To date, they have beaten the team to beat only as often as they have been beaten by it, the season series standing at two games to two. But this year's composed Phillies are not to

Massive Greg Luzinski, the game's top RBI man in 1976, is battling them in again—and again.



be confused with their nervous and apprehensive predecessors. Defensively and offensively, they have been superb. At the end of last week they had the fewest errors (30) in the league and their batting average was only a percentage point shy of that of the slugging Reds.

The most pleasant surprise, however, has been Phillie pitching, a phase of the game at which they had not heretofore excelled. Lonborg, a former American League Cy Young Award winner whose career tumbled into mediocrity after a skiing accident nine years ago, was 8-1; Steve Carlton, a former National League Cy Young winner, was 5-3; 22-year-old Larry Christenson was 6-2; and 37-year-old Jim Kaat was 4-2. And Tom Underwood, who won 14 games for the Phillies last year, and Ron Reed, who won 13 for Atlanta and St. Louis, had been consistently effective as spot starters and relievers.

But Lonborg, a slow starter in most games and a strong finisher, gave up four runs in the first inning to San Francisco Friday, and that proved to be insurmountable. Then on Saturday, Carlton pitched well enough, but fell victim to his ancient nemesis, the gopher ball, Ken Reitz tagging him for a two-run homer in the second inning.

The Phillies' pitching may yet let them down. The same cannot be said for their fielding and hitting. The first five men in the batting order are exactly what baseball savants say they should be. The first two, Dave Cash and Larry Bowa, are .300 hitters with speed, and the next three, Mike Schmidt, Greg Luzinski and Dick Allen, are among the most powerful hitters in the game. And because all are generally consistent, it is rare indeed when any two of them slump at the same time. Cash, who has played in every game for the past two years, and Bowa both hit .305 in 1975 and are in that vicinity this season. Schmidt led the major leagues in homers a year ago with 38 and had 15 at week's end. Allen, whose disposition is as erratic as his play is steady, is currently hitting .326 after an abbreviated and unsuccessful 1975 season. Luzinski, the 225-pound Bull of the outfield, hit .300 a year ago with 34 homers and a major-league-leading 120 RBIs. Despite a relatively slow start, he is hitting .281 with seven homers and 34 RBIs.

The infield of Schmidt at third, Bowa at short, Cash at second and Allen at first is, with the possible exception of Cincin-

continued



Dave Cash has speed that won't quit, Jim Lonborg won eight before losing at Candlestick.



nats', the best offensively and defensively in baseball. Cash and Bowa, the singles hitters, make the team function. Bowa, 38, is white and mustachioed. Cash, 20, is black and goateed. Both are consummate professionals who perform with a fluidity afield that Franklin P. Adams attributes poetically to Tinker and Evers. Bowa is the more emotional of the two, a sometime umpire-baiter whose experiments in Transcendental Meditation have helped subdue a bothersome temperament. Cash, a veteran of the 1971 Pirates' world championship team, is forever cool, a good soldier who knows his duty and performs it uncomplainingly.

"It's very important for people to know their roles," he says. "My main job is to get on base for the guys who hit behind me. I also have to run a little. That way the big hitters see a lot of fast balls. The pitchers will be looking for me to run, so they want to get the ball up there in a hurry. I'd say I also have a responsibility to keep morale high, but this team is about as close as any I've been on. I can't really compare us with the '71 Pirates because we haven't done anything yet, but potentially we're as good as anyone. Instead of talking about what we're going to do, we do it. We don't get emotionally high winning or low losing. That's good, because it's too early to get excited. The real test will come when we lose a few in a row. Anybody can play when he's winning. The test is how you come back from losing. It's like a horse laying off the pace, then charging down the stretch."

Bowa shares Cash's cautious optimism. "We have an abundance of talent, but we still have a lot to prove," he says. "I think now we have the experience for the stretch, though. We have enough talent to rebound."

Unlike his fellow TM practitioners, Carlton and Lonborg, Bowa meditates not so much to help him win baseball games as for the inner peace he needs to get along off the diamond. The Phillies more or less pioneered TM in their sport several years ago when, at the suggestion of team president Ruly Carpenter (another meditator), several of them tried it. "I'm a nervous person," Bowa explains. "The kind who takes the game home with him at night. Meditating relaxes you. I don't do it for baseball. I do it to take my mind off the game so that when I go home I don't bring my troubles to my wife."

Even Schmidt has experimented with meditating, although he admits he lacks the "willpower" to pursue it seriously. But TM cannot be credited with the prevailing calm in the Phillies' clubhouse. It is a calm, however, that can be violated, as Manager Danny Ozark established earlier this season when he threatened to maul a reporter who had the temerity to inquire why Allen was not in the lineup on a particular night. The outburst seemed out of character, because Ozark's managerial prowess was scrutinized unsparingly by the Philadelphia press last season, when the Phillies finished 6½ games behind the Pirates. One columnist even suggested that if Ozark, no Robert Redford, had been a handsomer man he might have been less vulnerable to his critics. If a man can withstand so blunt an appraisal of his physical appearance without incident, why, it may be asked, should he be miffed by a simple questioning of his tactics?

"Oh, that's all gone and forgotten," Ozark says pleasantly. "I don't keep a chip on my shoulder. Not a ball game has been played that wasn't open to second-guessing, and that sort of thing never really bothered me anyway. I blew my stack because I didn't want controversial stuff written about my players. Allen's reputation is a lot of hogwash. Besides, reputations are made to be forgotten. I've never had any problems at all with Dick. He had a bad shoulder the day I blew up and I just didn't want every Tom, Dick and Harry to know about it."

Ozark is determined to skipper a happy ship, and though he has a regular crew, he contrives to get almost everyone on his roster into the action. He has employed six pitchers as starters; he platoons his rightfielders, left-hand-hitting Jay Johnstone and right-hand-hitting Olie Brown; he uses Bobby Tolan in both the outfield and at first base; and he keeps defensive specialist Jerry Martin so busy subbing for Luzinski in the late innings that by the end of last week Martin had appeared in 42 of the team's 47 games. Martin is so adjusted to his role as the Bull's "caddy" that he now warms up without waiting for instructions when he feels his time has come. "It's something to look forward to," he says. "Naturally, I want to play all the time, but with the talent we have on this club, this is a way of breaking in. He [Ozark] has kept a lot of us happy."

The Phillies were not happy about

their mini-slump last week, despite their aplomb. On Friday night in San Francisco it was cold and windy even by Candlestick Park's arctic standards, and the previously undefeated Lonborg never did seem to warm up, although as a former Stanford man he should be acclimated by now to meteorological conditions on the Bay. Eventually, Lonborg resorted to pitching from the stretch, with and without runners on base, in order to keep his balance in the gusts. Gentleman that he is, he blamed his pitching, not the weather, for his early-inning travail. There was no excusing the Phillies' offense, which managed only one unearned run off Giant Pitcher Jim Barr. Bowa and Cash had but one hit between them.

The Phillies cracked out 12 hits the next day against Ed Halicki and Randy Moffitt, but scored only twice. This, by coincidence, was Transcendental Meditation Day at Candlestick, a promotion that surely should have favored the meditative Phillies. Unfortunately, they played as if in a trance until the seventh inning when pinch-hitter Johnny Oates, Cash and Bowa singled, Oates scoring. With two out and two on and the score 4-2, Allen hit a searing drive to dead center that looked to be at least a game-tying triple, if not a go-ahead homer. But the Giants' sensational rookie centerfielder, Larry Herndon, tracked the ball down at the fence in a catch reminiscent of another, somewhat more celebrated Giant centerfielder of other years. After that development, the Phillies' attack subsided, but it had plenty of sting on Sunday in a 9-3 win over the Giants.

True to form, the Phillies' composure had been intact in the clubhouse after Saturday's defeat. McCarver handled his food without error and the only sounds came from the showers. Bowa sat with his eyes shut. Meditating? No, there was no hint of a mantra. Allen looked no more out of sorts than usual and the others went quietly about the business of arraying themselves for the adventures of the evening. Finally, Ozark emerged from his own cubicle, a concerned look on his face. Following three straight losses, would he threaten mayhem on his underlings from the media? Indeed, he made straight for one newsmen.

"Who," Ozark asked, "won the Belmont?"

The calm was uninterrupted, although for the front-running Phillies the race was just beginning.

END

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BOBBY JONES



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There is all the difference in the world between the Open Championship and the ordinary tournaments. In a way it is a silly thing for men to permit a sporting competition of any kind to weigh so heavily upon them. But if you have ever been there yourself, you know that you just can't help it.

—ROBERT T. JONES JR.

Next week the U.S. Open will be held at the Atlanta Athletic Club, to which Bob Jones belonged, and so it is fitting at this time to take a look at the man and his record in the tournament he regarded so highly. Bob Jones played 11 times in the U.S. Open. He started in 1920, when he was 18, and continued through 1930, when he decided to abandon competitive golf. During those 11 years he won four Opens, was second four times (losing twice in playoffs) and finished fifth, eighth and 11th the other three years. What Jones accomplished in the Open is contrary to our understanding of what golf, as it is played on the highest level, requires. Jones was never more than an occasional competitor. During those 11 years he was otherwise occupied as an excellent student, a husband, parent and a young lawyer. He was an amateur. Jones' entire career consisted of only 52 golf tournaments. He won 23.

Jack Nicklaus has been conceded supremacy in the game for a number of years. "The greatest golfer of all time" is a definition of Nicklaus that goes down easier as the years slip by and as Jack piles title upon title. But a comparison of the records of Bob Jones and Jack Nicklaus in the U.S. Open, at ages 18 through 28, offers an argument.

During that period Nicklaus had only two firsts and two seconds (to Jones' four of each) and five times finished worse than 20th (which Jones never did). Even today, with seven more starts than Jones, Nicklaus is one first and one second behind.

Ah, you say, apples and oranges. Jones was running his race in a limited field. Nicklaus has had to beat the world. Perhaps. Nevertheless, there was more than a touch of genius in the likes of Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen. Once he burst through to win his first Open in 1923, Jones had a devastating effect on the pros. Between 1923 and 1930 neither Hagen nor Sarazen ever so much as led any single round during any U.S. Open.

The Open, in relative terms, may have meant more to the pros in the '20s than it does today. The leading money-winners on the early winter tours in Florida and California were interesting but not affluent sporting characters. The important money, for exhibitions and other commercial emoluments, was available only to those who could say they had won either the U.S. or British Open. (Jones, incidentally, won the British Open three of the four years he entered.) It was vital to the pros that they "stop Jones." Hagen, *enough*

OPEN AND SHUT CASE: IT'S JONES

Jack Nicklaus is good, Ben Hogan was better, but in the opinion of the writer, the assistant director of the USGA, there never was a U.S. Open player like Bobby Jones

by FRANK HANNIGAN



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BOBBY JONES *continues*

their natural leader, went so far as to give his colleagues pep talks. Still, as the cliché went, it was always "Jones against the field." And this was the truth, because he won half the time, and bookies, who were then part of the championship golf scene, listed him at 2 to 1. No, the pros not only had a terrible time competing against him (Tommy Armour said he accepted a handicap of one hole a side in casual matches with Jones), they couldn't even hate him.

Bob was a fine man to be partnered with in a tournament. He made you feel that you were playing with a friend—and you were.

—GENE SARAZEN

Only the Open record of Ben Hogan ranks with that of Jones. Hogan, too, enjoyed a marvelous stretch of 11 years, between 1946 and 1956, when he also won four times. In that stretch, Hogan was also second twice, third once, fourth once and sixth twice. One year, when he was recovering from his terrible automobile accident, he was unable to play. The numbers may favor Jones, but not by much.

Curiously, Hogan did not win an Open until he was 35, or seven years older than Jones was when he retired. It is closer to fact than conjecture to insist, as Jones' friends always have, that had Jones chosen to follow a different path and gone on playing championship golf after 1930, he would have continued to win—as long as his health allowed.

The Jones-Hogan comparison is apt. Hogan, like Jones, was confident that he could play in a very few tournaments and still play superbly when it mattered. Hogan's best year was 1953, when he entered six tournaments and won five—including the Masters, U.S. Open and British Open. At the height of his prowess, Jones played in only two tournaments—the U.S. Open and Amateur—in three years, 1923, 1924 and 1929.

When Hogan won the 1953 British Open Jones happened to be in New York City, where he was pounced upon by golf writers who then poured out torrents of copy on who was the greater golfer. Jones loathed the comparison. He made a special effort to return to New York when Hogan came back from Europe and was honored at a luncheon at the Waldorf. By then Jones could no longer walk without assistance and he knew that all that remained for him was physical deterioration and increasing pain because of the

spinal disease that afflicted him the last 22 years of his life.

He wished to say something privately to Hogan on the dais: "Ben, I want you to understand very clearly that I had nothing to do with the controversial stories about you and me, and I certainly didn't project myself into the picture with any idea of detracting from your enjoyment of the glory which you've earned." Jones actually talked that way.

The man was so sick for so long, and fought so successfully, that I think we have a proudly discovered the secret of Jones' success. It was the strength of his mind.

—BEN HOGAN

Bob Jones was a laughter. He was blessed with a deep, effervescent and amish humor. He was a story-teller, a bad locker-room singer and an occasional practical joker. Imagine, a sense of humor—and self-directed at that—in a great athlete. He liked so much to recount his pairing with Harry Vardon in a 36-hole qualifying test for his first U.S. Open, at Inverness, in 1920. Jones, 18, the youngest entrant, acclaimed as the crown prince of American golf; Vardon, 50, the oldest in the field, six times Open Champion of Great Britain.

Both had little trouble qualifying and the youngster was a couple of strokes up on Vardon in the second round when he skulled a pitch shot over the 7th green into heavy rough. He made a bogey. On the way to the next tee Jones, who had not yet spoken to Vardon, thought to alleviate his embarrassment by opening a conversation.

"Mr. Vardon," he said, "did you ever see a worse shot than that?"

"No," said Harry. There was no more talk.

You can end up reading volumes about and by Jones (his own writing came to half a million words on golf, he estimated, without a ghost or any "by Bobby Jones as told to" crutch), and still never be certain that he was totally committed. Sure, he wanted to win desperately. That's why he entered tournaments. All the stories of the legend are credible: the teen-age club-throwing days, the nausea between rounds; later, the inability to knot his tie on the morning of the big rounds, the weight loss (as much as 14 pounds in an Open), the collapsing in tears in a Columbus, Ohio hotel room after winning the 1926 Open.

Yet there is always this sense of de-

continued



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tachment, a luck, if you will, of fanaticism. For him there were other things in life besides golf. There were his family, books, music (especially after he could no longer walk), the law, a variety of successful business enterprises and his friends.

He is a man who never took himself or his feats seriously enough to stoil his shirt with them. Of them all, his feet are freest of clay, the man most devoid of guile, envy, false pride and overriding ambition.

—RALPH MCGILL

The Jones swing, preserved beautifully on film in the instructional series he did for Warner Brothers in the early '30s, was marked by a complete body turn. His feet were much closer together than was common, then or now, all the better to turn the left hip and shoulder. The left arm, in contrast to that of Vardon, the earlier style-setter, was straight as a rod.

He would turn his chin slightly to the right as he addressed the ball so he seemed to be looking at it only with his left eye. It was an instinctive motion, one he refined long before he started to think about the game's mechanics. When he did yield to self-analysis, he confirmed that the instinct was sound because it placed his head so that it could not tie up the rest of his body, either in the backswing or in the stroke proper.

Jones' backswing was very long and languid. He wrote, "Nobody ever swung a golf club too slowly."

Should the images of Vardon or Hagen magically appear on television during a tournament telecast, viewers would blink. The mechanics would not be familiar. There would be a distinct quality of many pieces, perhaps even bumpiness. But if the image of Jones should follow, a natural reaction might be: "How lovely. Someone has made a mistake and allowed a poet to play in Charlotte."

Jones was a long hitter. His great friends O. B. Keeler and Grantland Rice insisted that he was almost always holding back—that he could come up with 10 to 20 yards more when he had to. Indeed, it is true that Jones liked to take more club than might be thought necessary and to finesse the ball.

His putting, erratic in his earliest championship years, grew to be outstanding—for the time. Writing in the

'60s, he said that the most significant difference between the standards of his time and those of the modern masters lay in the putting. He attributed some of this to improved techniques in turf management but much more to the improved putting skills of the modern breed. Left unsaid was the suspicion that Jones thought that he and the best of his peers were the equals of today's top players in the execution of full strokes.

The common wisdom now is that Jones' long and pure swing was a concomitant of his equipment, especially the wooden (hickory) shafts. There is much less torque, or torsion, in steel; the metal is more forgiving, more consistent, and it enables the modern player to blast away at the ball. Exquisite timing is less of a requisite.

Jones thought the weakest part of his game was in playing shots 70 to 110 yards from the hole. (Nacklaus has expressed the same concern.) Above all, Jones was a master of the fairway woods. He could do extraordinary things with his woods in terms of both distance and accuracy.

Here we have the picture of Jones, the artist, and Hogan, the master craftsman. Jones' swing, one might say, was done in waltz time and merely to see it brought joy to the beholder. Hogan's was not a picture swing. It was entirely functional. There was



a certain beauty in Hogan's game, too, but it was the beauty of mechanical perfection, not of artistry.

—AL LANEY

Despite O. B. Keeler's famous line about winding up the mechanical golfer and setting him off to tack again, Jones was not a machine. He played some dreadful shots, often in critical situations. Jones took four strokes to get down, after flubbing a pitch from just off the green on the 72nd hole of the 1923 Open, allowing Bobby Cruickshank to tie him for first. With the 1929 Open at Winged Foot all wrapped up, he somehow contrived to make two 7s in the last round to enable a startled Al Espinosa, who never

dreamed he had a chance, to tie him.

But Jones did so many glorious things. When he and Cruickshank had their playoff, they were even coming to the last hole at Inwood, a big par-4 with water in front of the green. Cruickshank hit a bad drive and had to lay up short of the water. It was likely he would make a bogey. Jones laced a long drive down the right side but it kicked into the rough and onto some loose dirt.

Jones had a stark choice: lay up and be faced with another playoff or go for it all, knowing that the slightest imprecision would mean he would go into the water and lose. Jones went for it. He was 190 yards from the hole, used his mid-iron (the equivalent of a two-iron) and got every piece of the ball. It landed 10 feet short of the hole and stopped seven feet beyond it. He won his first Open that way.

After his mishaps at Winged Foot, Jones staggered to the 18th green where he needed to sink a putt of 12 feet to tie Espinosa. It was and is a vicious green. Jones was above the hole and there was a big left-to-right break. He holed the putt. (Twenty-five years later Winged Foot had a commemorative event that featured an attempt by many of the game's biggest names to hole the same putt. None did.)

As soon as he could regain some semblance of composure after holing the Winged Foot putt, Jones appeared at the door of the USGA headquarters room. He asked Herbert Ramsay, then USGA vice-president, the starting times for the 36-hole playoff the next day, Sunday. Ramsay said, "Nine and one." Jones said, "Let's start in the morning at 10. Espinosa will want to go to Mass."

He was always doing that sort of thing. There were the celebrated self-inflicted-penalty incidents. One came in the 1925 Open when even his marker disputed the call. Jones was in the rough on the 11th hole in the first round. He had addressed the ball and saw it move, ever so slightly. No one else saw it move but Jones. The Rules Committee met to discuss the incident. Jones would not yield. Penalty: one stroke. He finally tied Willie Macfarlane and Macfarlane won the playoff.

He was adored by the press in a manner unmatched until the emergence of Arnold Palmer, by the galleries and, *continued*

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BOBBY JONES continued

riously, by millions of Americans who never saw him or touched a golf club themselves. The galleries, by the way, varied between 5,000 and 10,000, but they were all trying to see him. This was before the practice of roping off the fairways, so he performed under atrocious conditions. Eventually, his Atlanta buddies took to traveling with him and forming an extra cordon of protective marshals as he fought his way around the course.

Well, what more can I say for my hero? He was a gentleman and there was laughter in his heart and on his lips, and he loved his friends.

—PAUL GALLICO

What did Jones think of other golfers? For the most part, he wouldn't say—with one stunning exception.

When he returned from Britain in 1930 after winning the British Amateur and Open, the entire world of sport was breathless at the thought of the Grand Slam and the search for the two remaining titles, the Open in July and the Amateur in September.

Jones was then turning out pieces for the *American Golfer* magazine. What would he write about on the eve of his epic quest? He described a friendly round of golf, played at St. Andrews, with Joyce Wethered, whom many still regard as the greatest female golfer ever. Jones had finally found his own idol.

They had played from the back tees, partners in a four-ball match. "She did not miss one shot; she did not even half miss one shot; I could not help saying that I had never played golf with anyone, man or woman, amateur or professional, who made me feel so utterly outclassed."

Indeed, Jones is the only important golfer who would ever have made it as a golf writer. At the age of 20 he earned a B.S. in mechanical engineering at Georgia Tech after only three years. He changed his mind about engineering and decided to get another degree, an A.B. in English literature, at Harvard, which accepted him on the basis that two additional years of study would do the job.

Jones did not fool around at Harvard. He entered in the fall of 1922 and declined an offer to join the American Walker Cup Team in the spring of 1923 at St. Andrews because it would interfere with his studies. He became a member of the Owl Club, was lionized by

continued

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everyone in or near Cambridge remotely interested in golf.

He did well enough so that he completed the degree requirements in only three semesters and left Harvard in the winter of 1923-24. He had wanted very much to play on the Harvard golf team, which was a delightfully quasi-formal affair at most, but was not permitted to do so because he had already earned a degree elsewhere. So he battled the ball around on Boston-area courses with his friends, who eventually named him "Assistant Manager" of the Harvard golf team. He insisted on accompanying the team to the climax of the 1923 season—the Harvard-Yale match, played on neutral turf at the Rhode Island Country Club. He had but one mission, to convey and guard the whiskey on the drive from Cambridge to Providence.

Alas, he failed because he and the manager were in a rumble seat, it was chilly and the ride proved longer than expected. "Drank every ounce of it, between the two of them," a member of the 1923 Harvard golf team said recently.

After a brief and unhappy fling at a real estate venture in Florida, Jones decided to follow his father into the legal profession. He entered the Emory University Law School in 1926. During his third semester he withdrew because he was ready for the bar exam, which he passed in 1927. Jones established himself as a lawyer in 1928 and won a federal case in Macon in 1929.

So it went. After rhapsodizing about Miss Wethered, Jones went on to Minneapolis to play in one more Open, at the Interlachen Country Club. It was to be the "third track" in the Grand Slam.

His scores were 71-73-68-75, for a total of 287, one under par, and two shots better than Macdonald Smith. Jones had a big lead over Smith during the final round but he just about managed to dissipate it with some weird play. At the end, he had to birdie three of the last five holes to win by two. The last stroke he ever played in a U.S. Open was a putt of 40 feet for a birdie. He holed it.

So what we're talking about is not the best of golfers but that something Americans hungered for and found: the best performer in the world who was also the hero as human being, the gentle, chivalrous, wholly self-sufficient male. Jefferson's last paragon, the wise innocent.

—ALISTAIR COOKE

END



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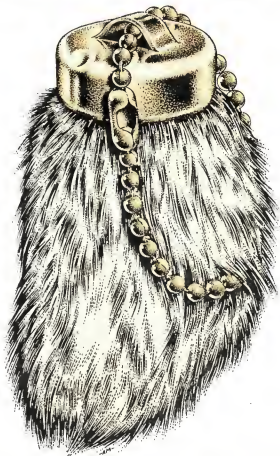
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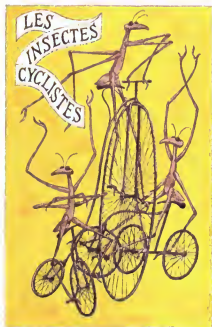
That way, when you buy your next TV, you'll finally have a choice. You can trust the facts. Or trust your luck.



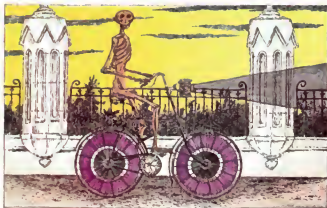
The postcards on these pages are a sampling of thousands, dealing with bicycling in all its variety, that were found in a stack of biscuit tins on an upper floor of an abandoned shoe-lec factory outside Eastfitch, R.I. They are attributed to Dogear Wryde (flourished 1880-1914), who was obviously more than one person. Although many of the cards had passed through the mails, none of the messages are reproduced, as they had nothing to do with the reverse sides, or, indeed, with bicycling at all.

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EDWARD GOREY





The rescue of Sir Gelo Fitzaldie from the top of Mount Redish.

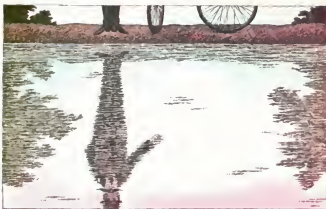


Wheeled Death and
(right) the discovery of
Nasbe Mecaplosh's head.



The Grumpet-Penlight Expedition:
Capt. Moussegrava's fatal
reconnaissance at Ulna Bay.



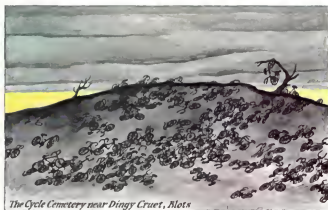


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The stuff, and no nonsense

As a Texas Ranger he is richer,
but will Blyleven pay attention?

For years Bert Blyleven has been known as a pitcher with "stuff"—perhaps the best curveball in the game and a live fastball, too. Now he has some live loot. Last week he more than doubled his share of it by escaping from the Minnesota Twins, who probably were going nowhere as usual, to the Texas Rangers, who are contending for the lead in the American League West. Blyleven had spent his major league career with the Twins. Joining them in 1970 at age 19, he won 99 games and lost 90, com-

piled a fine 2.80 ERA and meanwhile formed a low opinion of Owner Calvin Griffith's generosity.

Following the 1974 season Blyleven and Griffith went to arbitration over the pitcher's salary. Blyleven put his worth at \$85,000 a year, Griffith at \$65,000. The arbitrator said \$65,000 it is. This year Blyleven was playing out his option. In the deal with the Rangers (Blyleven and Shortstop Danny Thompson for Texas Pitcher Bill Singer, Shortstop Roy Smalley, Infielder Mike Cudde and minor league Pitcher Jim Gideon), Blyleven gets about \$500,000 in salary and deferred payments under a three-year contract, or some \$166,000 a year. I first time out for Texas, Blyleven was defeated 3-2 by Detroit in a taut 11-inning game in which he went all the way.

In his last appearance with the Twins, Blyleven passed the 1,700-inning mark and got his 1,400th strikeout, but he was defeated 3-2 by the Angels and saluted the spectators with an unfond gesture as he left the mound. "I couldn't care less about the fans," he reportedly said afterward. "Maybe I should flip them every game and that would bring more fans to the park. Maybe that fat [censored] Griffith would have some more money to pay us with."

Prompted by the league, Blyleven later expressed "deep regret" over his "hasty and thoughtless" gesture, but by then he was on the way to Arlington and a new set of fans. However, what was really at issue was not Blyleven's bad manners or the size of his paycheck, but whether he might now become the big winner so many think he ought to be.

The fact is, as Blyleven candidly admits, he has a low distraction threshold. Take another recent game against the Angels. In the first inning Blyleven stepped off the mound and reached down for the resin bag. He needed the resin bag less than he did a moment of solitary concentration. He had two outs, a runner on second and Bobby Bonds at bat. The resin bag felt strange in his hand. He tossed it away. He stared at Bonds and began his motion. Bonds lined a curveball to center to score the runner.

"I was thinking about the resin bag," says Blyleven. "It's so easy for me to lose my concentration. Sometimes it's some-

thing that happens before a game. Mostly it's something during a game. If things are going easily for me I start to think ahead a few batters, maybe to the end of the game and what I'm going to say to the reporters after I pitch a shutout.

"Sometimes I lose my concentration when the team makes an error behind me and I worry about it, or maybe when I get the signs to make three pickoff attempts in a row. After I throw over the third time I'm thinking how stupid it all was. My mind's gone now and I'm not thinking of anything but those pickoffs. The only way I can get my concentration back is if a batter misses a hanging curveball and wakes me up, or maybe hits a home run. It's tough to get it back, you know, because when you lose it you don't know you've lost it."

In the earlier game against the Angels, Blyleven brought his own resin bag out to the mound in the second inning. This seemed to have a calming effect and he got three strikeouts that inning, and went on to a 5-2, 12-strikeout victory. He also struck out Bonds twice. "Bert's got the stuff of a 20-game winner," said Bonds. "He's a 20-game winner whether he wins 20 games or not."

So far Blyleven has won 20 only once, in 1973, when he lost 17. He has always hovered around .500: 10-8, 16-15, 17-17 twice. This year he is 4-6, with a 2.97 ERA. Being close to his 100th win is an unusual accomplishment for a 25-year-old, but less than satisfactory for this 218-pounder, considering his stuff.

If Blyleven's parts have seemed greater than the whole, he attributes it to his struggles with a mediocre team. But as Dick Williams, the manager of the Angels, says, "I've seen a lot of pitchers who never had Blyleven's stuff win 20 games with teams a lot worse. Some pitchers pitch just good enough to win, whether it's 1-0 or 9-8, and others always seem to pitch just good enough to lose."

When Blyleven does lose, his downfalls seem to occur in the late innings. For this he has blamed the Twins' relievers. Given a better bullpen, he claims "I would have 40 more career victories."

But many baseball people believe his late-inning reversals have been mostly his own doing. "Bert throws basically two pitches," says Bonds, "a hard fastball

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and a hard curveball. Everything comes in at the same speed, so sooner or later you can get your timing down. It takes a few innings and by then maybe Bert's lost a bit off his fastball. It starts to flatten out. And maybe in later innings his curveball will hang every so often."

Dick Williams concurs. He says Blyleven throws too many curves. Any hitter stands a better chance of connecting with a curveball if he sees it 10 or 12 times a game instead of six or seven. If Blyleven would throw more fastballs or a greater variety of pitches, his good stuff would be even better.

"The best pitchers I've ever seen," says Gene Mauch, the Twins' manager, "have their best stuff about 10 or 12 times a year. The great ones know how to win anyway. Blyleven goes to the mound with his best stuff more consistently than any pitcher I ever saw. So his attitude is 'My stuff will take care of me.'"

In that win over the Angels, for instance, whenever Blyleven was in a jam in the later innings he simply threw seven or eight curveballs in a row. Since the curve was exceptional that night, he got out of trouble. On another night, with lesser stuff, he might have been beat.

One could argue that Blyleven's physical talent has spoiled him, made him lazy mentally, so that he has avoided the necessity of really learning his craft. Jim Palmer once said of him, "There's no telling how good a pitcher Blyleven will become when he learns how to pitch."

Gene Mauch sums up Blyleven's problems by saying, "It's like a baseball player playing golf for the first time. Say he's faced with a 10-foot putt. He concentrates, tries to concentrate anyway, and then misses it. Afterward he says he lost his concentration. Well, he didn't. He was concentrating, but he just didn't know what to concentrate on."

THE WEEK

(May 30-June 5)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST

After striking out with runners on second and third to conclude a 2-1 loss to the Cubs, Dave Kingman of the Mets (3-5) did his King Kong number in the clubhouse—smashing a bottle of hair tonic, catching a duffel bag, air-mailing coat hangers and shattering his hair dryer. The next day in Los Angeles,

Kingman chatted with Rod Dedeaux, his college coach at USC. "Hit the first good pitch tonight," Dedeaux told him. Then teammate Joe Torre advised Kingman that he was not following through on his swing. Armed with advice, Kingman swung at the first pitches thrown to him in the fourth, fifth and seventh innings, followed through and hit his 18th, 19th and 20th homers. He had eight RBIs as Tom Seaver, winless for a month, beat the Dodgers 11-0. Kingman hit his 21st the next night to give Joe Maltack a 3-1 win over the Dodgers.

Lake Kingman, Tim Lincecum of the Expos also was upset. Folz, though, was mad at rookie Manager Karl Kuehl—not his hair dryer. When Kuehl ordered an intentional walk in one game, Shortstop Folz wanted the Montreal hurler to ignore the manager's instructions. "Kuehl can't manage this team by himself," Folz insisted. "I don't need Folz's help," Kuehl retorted. Kuehl promptly replaced Folz with Pepe Frias, but Frias made three errors in one game and was, in turn, replaced by Folz. The peace was tenuous at best. The Expos (1-3) were in peril.

Strong pitching kept Philadelphia (4-4) in first place (page 28). Jim Lonborg beat Montreal 7-1 on five hits, Jim Kaat subdued Chicago 4-1 on six hits, Ron Reed tamed the Cubs 6-1 on four and Tom Underwood downed St. Louis 4-1 on five as the Phillies rolled to 25 victories in their last 30 games. Then it was Philly-buster time: Bob Forsch of St. Louis (3-3) stopped the Phillies 7-1, and they lost two straight to the Giants.

Bill Robinson of Pittsburgh (5-3) played first base, third base, center field and right field last week but still found time to hit three home runs in one game. Rick Monday hit his 10th homer as Chicago (3-5) toppled Philadelphia 7-5 and had three hits as the Cubs beat the Mets 5-3.

PHIL 32-14 PIT 38-31 NY 38-27
CHIC 22-27 STL 22-28 MONT 17-27

NL WEST

George Foster hit his ninth, 10th and 11th homers and drove in 10 runs, giving him a league-leading 49, as Cincinnati (5-3) moved past Los Angeles (3-5) into first place. Charlie Hough, the Dodgers' knuckleballer, gave up just two hits in 8½ innings of relief for his sixth and seventh victories without a loss. Andy Messersmith of the Braves (3-3) threw a one-hitter at Montreal in a 2-0 Atlanta victory, Pepe Marquial ruining his no-hitter with a one-out single in the ninth. Ed Halicki had a 2-8 record and San Francisco (4-3) had a ticket to the minors waiting for him. But Halicki shut out Los Angeles on two hits 6-0, then stopped the Phillies 4-2. Joe Niekro hit a home run off his brother Phil as Houston (6-2) beat the Braves 4-3. Rookie

Joaquin Andujar of the Astros defeated the Reds 2-1 with a two-hitter; Mike Cosgrove stopped the Cubs 1-0; and Reliever Ken Forsch notched his 10th, 11th and 12th saves. Randy Jones of San Diego (3-2) became the first 10-game winner in the majors, beating San Francisco 4-3.

CIN 35-18 LA 30-22 SD 28-22
HOU 25-28 SF 21-22 ATL 10-20

AL WEST

Eric things happened almost everywhere: the A's arose from their "coffin," the White Sox emerged from the fog and retiree Tommy Davis reappeared as an Angel. When the A's left home after losing two of three to the first-place Royals and falling eight games off the lead, one Oakland writer said, "The remains of the A's were shipped East for public viewing. Large crowds are expected to file past the open coffin to pay tribute to the fallen champs." But the A's (3-3) came to life in New York, beating the Yanks 6-4 and 7-6.

With the bases loaded in the first inning, rookie Chet Lemon of the White Sox lofted an ordinary fly ball to left field, but Ranger Leifeldier Tom Greive did not have the foggiest notion where it was. Dropping from the pousouper, the ball fell for a triple and the Sox (4-2) won 9-4.

Released by the Yankees before Opening Day, Tommy Davis, convinced his 16-year career was over, took a job with a record company. Desperate for hitting, the Angels signed Davis on Wednesday; he flew to Minnesota and that night hit a two-run pinch-hit single to snap a tie and lead the Angels (4-2) to a 5-2 victory.

There was nothing strange about the Royals (6-1): they frolicked, as usual, this time against Oakland, stealing nine bases in 5-2 and 4-3 victories. Freddie Patek scored the tying run against the A's in the ninth inning one night by racing home from second base on a fly ball to center field.

When Texas obtained Pitcher Bert Blyleven and infielder Danmy Thompson from the Twins for Pitchers Bill Singer and Jim Gideon, Shortstop Roy Smalley and Third Baseman Mike Cabbage the big name was Blyleven. But in his first game with the Rangers (2-4), Thompson went 4 for 4 during a 14-3 drubbing of Detroit. Blyleven's first outing, on the other hand, produced a 3-2 loss to the Tigers. Joked Coacher Jim Sundberg: "Say, who was the throw-in we got as the Thompson deal?"

Smalley was immediately inserted into the Minnesota (2-4) lineup by his uncle, Twins Manager Gene Mauch. Larry Hise hit for the cycle in the Twins' 8-6 victory over Baltimore, clinching the night with a game-winning two-run homer in the 10th inning.

KC 30-17 TEX 28-20 CHC 22-21
MINN 22-24 OAK 22-27 CAL 22-31

continued

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BASEBALL continued

AL EAST Bicentennial or not, even the Boston Red Sox had to admit baseball should not be played with cherry bombs, flashlights, batteries, golf balls, beer bottles and sundry other items at Yankee Centerfielder Mickey Rivers, whom they cast as the principal villain in last month's brawl between the clubs in New York. After New York (3-3) moved eight games in front of the Red Sox (3-3) with a 7-2 victory on Ed Figueroa's four-hitter, Boston Manager Darrell Johnson promptly called a team meeting. "He kind of simplified the game," said Outfielder Dwight Evans. "We were making the game kind of tough." Luis Tiant then simplified everything, muzzling the Yankees 8-2 for his seventh win.

Cleveland (3-3) swept a doubleheader from Baltimore (2-4). With Frank Duffy hitting barely 200, the Indians started Larvell Blanks at shortstop; he had four hits in the opening game as the Indians won 4-1, then hit a two-run homer to key their 4-3 triumph in the second game. Blanks also killed a ninth-inning Oriole rally in the last game with a superb fielding play. In Baltimore's first June game, it was May who busted out all over: Lee May hit a two-run homer in the 14th to beat Cleveland 2-0.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JORGE ORTA: The White Sox third baseman batted .393, scored seven runs, had seven RBIs and hit three home runs. Orta homered in a 4-3 win over Oakland, singled to defeat Texas 1-0, and tripled and doubled to beat Cleveland 4-1.

Four dramatic wins over Milwaukee (2-7) helped Detroit (5-3) escape the cellar. The Tigers scored twice in the bottom of the ninth to tie the Brewers 3-3, then beat them 5-4 on Tom Verver's 11th-inning single. Reliever John Huler won both ends of the ensuing twinnight, with Milwaukee Reliever Eduardo (Edwendo to his seammates) Rodriguez losing both. Trading 6-0 at one point, the Tigers won the opener 5-7 with three ninth-inning runs on three singles, an error, a bases-loaded walk and a game-ending wild pitch by Edwendo. The Tigers won the nightcap 6-5 on a two-out, two-run homer in the ninth by Ben Oglivie. The next day Oglivie slammed a two-run, inside-the-park pinch-hit homer in the eighth inning and the Tigers won again 6-4. Milwaukee avoided a series sweep by taking the fifth game 6-2 behind left-hander Bill Travers, who also won the Brewers' other game, stopping Cleveland 5-4.

NY 37-18 BAL 34-22 CLE 26-20
BOS 25-24 DET 21-25 MIL 17-28

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CHRYSLER CORP.

Man, it was a rumble in the Riverfront

After the last bell clanged, concluding the hard-fought Olympic Trials in Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum, there was no doubt but that this country will be sending a balanced, formidable team to Montreal next month

The sign on a building near the Riverfront Coliseum said, CINCINNATI BELTING AND TRANSMISSION CO. Inside the Coliseum, the top 88 amateur boxers in the country belted away at each other last week in the U.S. Olympic Boxing Trials, and when the final bell rang late Saturday night it was apparent that the U.S. is going to transmit a strong team to Montreal. The best bet for a gold medal is 139-pound Ray Leonard, who has been compared with Sugar Ray Robinson and not just because he has the same first name. The surprise of the Trials was a heavyweight, Big John Tate, whose coach, Colonel Ace Miller, a former pool hustler, collaborated on a bal-

lad that begins: "Everyday at the gym you can see him arise/ He stands 6'4" and weighs 225."

The strength of the team is the result of a quiet resurgence of amateur boxing in the U.S. Half the contestants in the semifinals in Cincinnati got their start in a Junior Olympic Program that Rolly Schwartz, the team manager and National AAU boxing chairman, helped form several years ago. YMCAs and recreational centers are now turning to boxing, and more than 20 colleges have taken up the sport as a club activity. Two years ago, thanks to Ron Johnson, president of the National Indian Activity Association, and the peripatetic Schwartz—

who comes on like Edward G. Robinson with backslaps and the greeting "how you doing, baby?"—the NIAA held its first boxing championships. And last week two Indians, a Piute and a Hopi, made it to the semis. The Hopi, 106-pound Adrian Dennis, reached the Olympic Trials finals, the first Indian ever to do so. Earlier this year, the National AAU championships in Las Vegas drew a record 409 entries. Says Schwartz, "People are demanding boxing. The kids want it. We have a good wholesome approach to the sport now and compassionate people are running the show."

Sugar Ray Leonard comes out of a recreation program in Palmer Park, Md.,

CRASHNUT



SUGAR RAY LEONARD (ABOVE, RIGHT) WAS A SURE THING AT 139 POUNDS, BUT HEAVYWEIGHT BIG JOHN TATE (IN RED) WAS A BIG SURPRISE

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near Washington. Now 20, he began boxing at 14 under stringent amateur rules (no slapping, no holding, points scored only with knuckle surface punches that land on the front of the body or the face) after his brother persuaded local officials to start a boxing program. Leonard's coach then and now is David Jacobs, a former amateur and professional fighter.

"I saw right off that Ray had the potential to be a good boxer," says Jacobs. "He really progressed fast. He was more determined than the average kid. When he started, I told him he had to train hard, and I never had to worry about him running around every night. Most young boxers don't realize that to be a good boxer you have to train every day, not four or five months out of the year. You have to pay the dues. This kid can do it all. He's gifted."

Leonard fought his first international match at 16, knocking out his Russian opponent with one punch, a left hook, in the first round. Before the Trials, he had a 127-5 record. His last defeat was in Moscow in 1974, a decision that was jeered by the crowd; the winning Russian graciously gave Leonard the trophy. He has won the National AAU and Golden Gloves championships and the gold medal at the Pan-American Games. Only once has he been knocked down, upon which he got up to knock out his opponent.

In Cincinnati Leonard said flatly, "I expect to win here." And he did, easily. With a picture of his girl friend and his son taped to his right sock, he took a three-round decision from aggressive Ronnie Shields in his first bout ("Ray loves to fight a boxer that's coming to him," says Jacobs), and he knocked out Sam Bonds in 42 seconds of the first round of the semis with a short right hand to the jaw off a jab. "A knockout comes when a man makes a mistake and you take advantage of it," Leonard said. In the finals he won a unanimous decision over Bruce Curry.

Rolly Schwartz becomes even more effusive than usual when he talks about Sugar Ray II. "Ray Leonard is the greatest amateur I've seen in my 38 years of amateur boxing," he says. "He has the fastest reflexes and the greatest balance. Reflexes like Muhammad Ali, balance like Sugar Ray Robinson. Nobody's going to outbox him. He can take you out

with either hand, and he's got a jab that will take your head and set it back in the fifth row. Right now he could beat any lightweight or welterweight in the world, amateur or professional."

Predicting medalists in Olympic boxing is a chancy business. Besides Leonard, regarded as a near cinch for the gold, there are other hopefuls among the winners at Cincinnati. These include 125-pound Davey Armstrong from Puyallup, Wash., a Pan-Am gold medalist, and 132-pound Howard Davis, of Glen Cove, N.Y., who won a gold in the 125-pound division in the world competition in Havana in 1974. Davis moved up in weight for the Trials and defeated Aaron Pryor of Cincinnati, the nation's top-rated amateur lightweight, in a rousing final. Along with the other runners-up, Pryor will go to camp in Burlington, Vt. with the Trials' winners for training and a box-off. Winning the Trials does not necessarily mean a berth at Montreal. Should a runner-up win in Burlington, there will be a rubber match to decide who fights in the Olympics. The idea, says Schwartz, is to keep the fighters sharp and make certain that the best of them represent the U.S.

Clinton Jackson from Evergreen, Ala., who fights out of Nashville for Ace Miller, won the 147-pound competition. The only boxer ever to win three straight National AAU and Golden Gloves titles, Jackson was named the U.S. Olympic athlete of the year in all sports for 1975.

Chuck Walker of Mesa, Ariz., a 156-pounder, was the only Caucasian winner. Coached by his father, Walker is a classic international-style boxer (forgetting his unclassy right-hand bolo punch) and also a ballet and tap dancer. He made three solo appearances as a tap dancer on the *Ted Mack Original Amateur Hour*. "I'm a little surprised I got a fair shake here," Walker said after the Trials. "I was robbed in the Golden Gloves and in the AAU."

Leon Spinks of St. Louis, a Marine lance corporal stationed at Camp Lejeune, N.C., won the 176-pound title. He was a bronze medal winner at the World Games in Havana and a silver medalist at the Pan-Ams in Mexico City last year. His brother Michael, not as highly rated, won the 165-pound championship, and their joint victories mark the first

time brothers have won in the Trials.

The big question mark is Big John Tate, raw but learning at 21. To the eye, he is of the stuff of legend. He glowers at his opponent before the bell, and instead of shaking hands he is just as likely to knock gloves to show he is a mean dude. When Big John wins, he swats the canvas with his right hand to announce he's No. 1.

Up until a year ago, Tate was hefting 100-pound sacks of cattle feed in West Memphis, Ark. Then he moved to Knoxville at the instigation of Ace Miller, the city's director of boxing. "He asked me if I'd make him the champion," says Miller. "I told him the name of the game is defense."

Miller got Big John hired as a truck driver for the city and installed him in a bedroom in the gym, a converted pool hall. For the first six or seven weeks, Big John sparred with Clint Jackson. "He was beatin' me all over the ring," says Tate. "He would tell me, 'Big John, bring your hands up.' 'Big John started looking good, but Miller says, 'Everybody laughed at us. They said he was big, dumb and slow. No one wanted us anywhere. Then one night we were invited to St. Louis where Big John knocked out the Polish champion.'"

For all this, Big John has had his ups and downs. Earlier this year he dropped a split decision to Mike Dokes in the Golden Gloves, and he was outpointed by Marvin Stinson in the AAU championships. Stinson is a shiek el of a boxer who learned to fight inside by sparring with Joe Frazier, Cyclone Hart, Jimmy Young, Duane Bobick, and other adherents of the Philadelphia school. At the Trials, Big John was ready. He easily outpointed Dokes, the favorite, in the semis. After his loss, Dokes announced that this was his last amateur fight and he was turning pro. In the finals Big John won a decision over Stinson. The bout looked closer than that—Stinson did a lot of scoring inside—but Big John was the aggressor throughout and never let up. Stinson was so distraught he fell to his knees when Tate was announced as the winner.

"I told the people in Knoxville I'm gon' to win the gold medal," said Big John afterward. "He's gonna win the gold," said Miller, "and then we're gonna get rich!"

END

The U.S. Olympic basketball selection committee hoisted a red, white and Carolina blue banner over its squad for the Montreal Games last week. It did not choose the best team possible because professionals were not eligible and a large number of professionals-in-waiting were not willing. But it probably did pick the best team available. Certainly it was the best available from the Atlantic Coast Conference.

Although the ACC's final representation may be reduced when the last three cuts are made, seven members of the present 15-player squad are from the ACC, including four from North Carolina. The Trials were held on the campus of North Carolina State, and the squad will be coached by Dean Smith of North Carolina. If the U.S. team fails to recover the gold medal it lost for the first time in 1972, lack of familiarity will hardly be a reason.

Approximately 50 candidates were measured, weighed, timed and considered. It was difficult to make an exact count because sickness, injury and some faithheartedness changed the number throughout the six days of the Trials. Among those who went home early was Louisville high school star Darrell Griffith; before he left, though, Griffith demonstrated why he was rated the highest leaper in camp by slam-dunking over the man with the longest reach, Clemson's 7'1" Wayne (Tree) Rollins.

Other players attracted attention by not attending the Trials at all, notably tall rebounders like 6'10" Leon Douglas of Alabama, 7'1" Robert Parish of Centenary and 6'10½" Richard Washington of UCLA. They apparently stayed away at the suggestion of agents or pro teams, fearing that an injury or a poor performance would hurt their bargaining position with the pros. To complicate matters, 6'10" Center Kent Benson of Indiana, probably the best of the tall ones, was absent because of recent surgery on his wrist.

General Manager Red Auerbach of the Boston Celtics took one look at the big men who showed and said, "This team is weak down the middle. Smith's got his work cut out for him." Kevin Loughery, coach of the ABA champion New York Nets, decried the same shortage. "Some guys go to war for their country and these guys won't even play bleeping basketball for it," he said angrily.

Converting Carolina blue to gold

Four Tar Heels were named to the 15-man Olympic basketball squad

Actually, Douglas tried to join the Trials after they began by having his coach, C. M. Newton, call Smith. Smith mulled the request for a day but refused to accept Douglas, saying it would be unfair to the players who had been participating in the twice daily three-hour sessions.



KUPCHAK IS THE BIG HOPE AT CENTER

The only quality big man in Raleigh was Smith's own 6'10" Mitch Kupchak, who suffered from a swollen elbow that hampered his performance. Like most of the players on hand, Kupchak refused to criticize those who put their pocketbooks ahead of national pride. "If an agent had told me I could lose \$300,000 by coming here, I wouldn't be here either," he said. "I just don't have an agent yet."

As in 1968 and 1972, when Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (then Lew Alcindor) and Bill Walton of UCLA stayed away, absenteeism permitted some previously unrecognized big men to display their talents. Kupchak's 6'10" North Carolina teammate, Tommy LaGarde, who has considerable international experience, and 6'10" Scott Lloyd of Arizona State, whose aggressive push-and-shove style is perfectly suited to the international game, both showed well and were named to the team with Kupchak.

Although Smith had only one of the 10 selection-committee votes, he advised the selectors about the qualities he wanted. With the big men, Smith was more concerned with shot blocking and rebounding than scoring. Kupchak, LaGarde and Lloyd all averaged fewer than 18 points a game last season. Smith also emphasized consistency, unselfishness and defense. "There isn't a man here who can't play offense," Smith said, "but that isn't what's going to win the gold medal for us."

Those who did not get Smith's message failed to make the team. Among the failures were Forward Wesley Cox of Louisville, who accomplished little at either end of the court, and Guard Rickey Green of Michigan, who made the mistake of shooting 27 times in his final scrimmage. A not-so-surprising casualty was Marshall Rogers of Pan American. Rogers came to camp with a basketball-sized monogram on the back of his jacket that advertised him as the national scoring champion. Privately, Rogers claimed to be a "pretty good defensive player," adding "I be trying to stay with my man everywhere he goes." But his man often went thisaway on the court and Rogers eventually went thataway back home.

Certain players were almost automatic selections: Forward Scott May and Guard Quinn Buckner of Indiana, Kupchak and Guard Phil Ford of North Carolina and Forwards Kenny Carr of

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N.C. State and Ernie Grunfeld of Tennessee. Grunfeld, a naturalized citizen from Rumania, won the unofficial Patrick Henry Award by saying he wanted very much to represent his country.

All of the other selectees appeared on at least six ballots: Guards Otis Birdsong of Houston and Tate Armstrong of Duke, forwards Adrian Dantley of Notre Dame, Phil Hubbard of Michigan, LaGarde and Walter Davis of North Carolina, Mark Landsberger of Arizona State, Steve Sheppard of Maryland and Lloyd Landsberger was a surprise: he had redshirted at Arizona State last season after playing the previous two years at a junior college and at Minnesota. The 6'8" Landsberger impressed the voters mainly by growing as he went up for rebounds.

It is doubtful Smith wanted seven players from his own conference, and he said that he did not get three of the players he preferred. His most obvious rebuff was a plea for a fourth big man, perhaps 7'1 1/2" Ralph Drollinger of UCLA, who

was hampered by the flu but has the shot-blocking ability and basketball breeding Smith likes. He also probably was disappointed that Bob Wilkerson of Indiana was overlooked by the selectors.

"The best selection system would let the coach pick the team himself and then give him enough time to develop it," said Smith. "We're particularly hurt by the lack of time; we have only a month and a half before the first game. Compare that to the years which other national teams have spent together. I'd like to have the 1972 team back."

With only four seniors—Kupchuk, May, Buckner and Lloyd—the 1976 team is young, perhaps too young. It could also use another player of Kupchuk's caliber at center. There is, however, great scoring potential with Dantley, Carr, Birdsong and Grunfeld, all of whom averaged more than 25 points a game last season, and May, who averaged 23.5.

The team's strong point will be its flexibility; most of the players are effective in two positions. May, Smith joked, "can

play wherever he wants to." This flexibility, along with super overall speed, should permit Smith to run, press and substitute to his liking. However, the players also must adjust to the discipline Smith will demand. That, more than talent, may determine the final makeup of the 12-man team for Montreal. For now, the squad will practice at the University of North Carolina and travel around the country to play eight pro and three foreign teams.

Smith, the most successful coach in the history of the ACC, refuses to speculate on his team's chances. "International teams are so much better than they used to be," he said. "Our Continental Cup team lost twice to both Italy and Russia last year, and Italy is our opening opponent at Montreal. In fact, Italy just beat Yugoslavia in a qualifying tournament, and I understand that Yugoslavia is even better than Russia."

For the U.S., the best available talent will have to be good enough, even though it may not be big enough. **END**

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Most athletes of any sort have to be led, which explains why coaching is generally considered honorable employment. But Stanley Dancer, the harness racing guru and veteran whizbang whose record over three decades proves the extraordinary dimensions of his talent, isn't led, he's driven.

Dancer is driven by an insatiable desire to find, buy, train and drive the Superhorse, that quintessential animal with which all that follow will be compared. He searches everywhere, including at the end of all rainbows. Once he finds a horse, he's driven to train it to become more terrific than even he dared hope.

This year, Stanley Dancer has two horses which may be the two best 3-year-olds among the 15,000-odd standardbreds in the country—a trotter named Nevele Thunder with a disposition so calm that he could be mistaken for dead, and a pacer named Keystone Ore with a reputation for smarts though not for ambition. Superhorses? Maybe Thunder, muses Dancer—if, if, if. And, well, Ore could be—maybe, perhaps, possibly.

Predictably, Dancer is driven to find out just how good Thunder and Ore are. So when each was entered last Saturday night in important early-season races at tracks more than 250 miles apart, friends offered their f'm-sorries about the fact that he wouldn't be able to handle both of them and said things like, "Well, Stanley, no way, you can be two places at the same time." Which shows how wrong friends can be. For Dancer simply responded by putting together an intricate modern-day Rube Goldberg scheme in-

volving cars being driven at much too high speed, a leased Lear Jet, waiting helicopters, more cars, chauffeurs and an absolute faith that everything would work out fine.

Everything did. Things tend to work out for Stanley Dancer, who has won more than 3,000 harness races, with purses of more than \$18 million as trainer, driver and/or owner of all manner of record holders, including last year's Hambletonian winner, Bonafish.

Thunder, in his first outing after a 2-year-old season that was just beyond sensational (18 wins in 21 starts and earnings of more than \$150,000), toured the

Vernon Downs track outside Utica, N.Y. with ease, giving the swish of his tail to the one horse that challenged. Two hours later at Brandywine in Wilmington, Del., Ore also ran a more than creditable race. He was always in charge and won going away, exhibiting none of the laziness of which he is accused.

All of which caused a certain amount of excitement in the harness racing world (last year more than 28 million Americans bet \$2½ billion on trotters and pacers competing in 17 states) and could portend an exciting season leading up to September's big races, the Hambletonian for trotters and the Little Brown Jug for

continued



A HELICOPTER PUT DANCER DOWN AT BRANDYWINE IN TIME TO DRIVE KEYSTONE ORE



EARLIER, 263 MILES AWAY, HE HAD WON BEHIND NEVELE THUNDER AT VERNON DOWNS

pacers. Four times horses with Dancer connections have won the Hambo; three times the Jug. Now Dancer was taking serious aim on a pet project, he would like to become the third man ever to win both events in the same year.

"The reason I do all this," says Dancer, who is 48, "is because I love it. That's all. If I didn't race I'd be dead." This is about what he has become as a result of a dozen wrecks that have dumped him from the sulky with varying degrees of severity. His neck is filled with wire and his right arm caused great pain for years after a crash in the '50s in which he was smoothed over by a bunch of horses. In 1973, he went through an operation to fix a spinal disc and afterwards suffered a heart attack.

Dancer puts himself through debilitating days like Saturday "because I want to" and not, any more, just for the money. His personal income last year exceeded \$500,000, and he estimates his 1976 income at \$1 million. Or as Dancer puts it, "A lot more than Catfish Hunter." He isn't altogether cavalier about the dollars, becoming glum when he talks of 1973 when his health and his horses' lack of ability kept his earnings below \$100,000. He admits that, "Making the kind of money I do has made it more enjoyable, sure."

On Saturday, Dancer clearly was enjoying himself as he contended with administrative details around Egyptian Acres, his scrubbed 146-acre spread in New Egypt, N. J., outside of Trenton, most of which he bought in 1951 for \$5,000 and now figures is worth \$2 million. Among the 120 horses now on the land (Stanley and his wife Rachel own all or part of 30 of them) is Su Mae Lad, who won nearly \$900,000 before he was retired in 1965. Dancer keeps the 22-year-old trotter at Egyptian Acres (at a cost of \$120 a month) in gratitude and because he can't stand the thought of the horse inside a dog-food can. Yet, Stanley can say, "You've got to look out for the future and to heck with the past." Helping him in that regard is a covey of eager investors, always ready to spend large sums on well-bred young horses Dancer fancies.

And so Saturday evening, with an eye to the future, it's a 50-mile dash by car to Philadelphia and aboard the jet—with Dancer at the controls. He hasn't flown

much lately (an accident and close calls scared him off and caused him to sell his plane), but today he's in the mood and his spirits are high as the plane whines to 28,000 feet en route to Utica. Forty minutes and 263 air miles later a car is hustling him to Vernon Downs where he takes a look at Thunder and says, "If a horse don't cough, that makes me feel good." Thunder don't cough. There shouldn't be any kinks in the tail either, a telltale sign of soreness. No kinks in Thunder. "The only horse we have to beat," says Dancer after studying the program he is carrying, "is Steve Lobell." Thunder looks unimpressed by this pronouncement but Dancer admits to concern. "My horse has been looking fine, but you never know their first time out in a season. But he sure could be as good as any trotter I've ever had." That would take in Nevele Pride, Thunder's evil-tempered sire (he once bit two fingers off the hand of the night watchman at the Dancer farm) who campaigned in the late '60s and still holds many records.

Going off at 2-40-5, Thunder quickly is urged to the fore by Dancer, seemingly out for a jaunt through the countryside free of harassment. But Steve Lobell suddenly makes a move on the backside, even having the audacity to take the lead. Dancer said afterwards, "He got the lead only because we let him. It was nothing serious." But in making the effort, Lobell has spent his courage, and Thunder takes over the lead again at the top of the stretch, sailing in for a length win in the good time of 2:00.3. The horse with the reaching stride rewards those who thought he would at least show with a \$2.10 payoff. Win bettors come out 80 cents ahead on a \$2 investment.

But Dancer gets dollars, not pennies. The winning purse is \$7,900, and he collects 10% of every winning ride. Plus Dancer owns 5% of Thunder, so there's another \$395—a total of \$1,185. Nobody's counting. Time for another chaotic ride back to the airport at speeds that blur the signs that warn of 40-mph curves.

It's getting on toward 9 p.m. and Dancer is due in an hour at Brandywine. This time he is not the pilot, he's the bartender. Now he's on the phone. Now a bottle of tomato cocktail mix is falling on his foot. Now he's on the phone again. He's exultant over a win by his 26-year-

old son Ronnie at Pocono. He's mixing more drinks (rye and water is the big mover) though he shuns booze himself. He's lauding Thunder: "So nice, so smooth." He spends something less than five seconds admiring the dazzling sunset dressed in orange. Then he makes another phone call.

At Philadelphia a helicopter is waiting and everyone piles in for the rumble across the city and on to Brandywine, some 15 miles distant. The copter sits down in a parking lot where cars await. Dancer arrives on time. Did anyone doubt he would? He runs to look at Keystone Ore, who eyes him with a firm look of enthusiasm. Says Dancer, "You're a nice horse, Ore. But do you have the class of Thunder? We'll have to wait and see." Out of Ore's earshot, Dancer wonders some more.

Off they go. Ore looking surprisingly aggressive, and by the half-mile post he takes the lead. Groom Roy Penner mumbles that Ore does like to be first, the kind of front-runner who tends to find other interests if headed. But Ore is never threatened, wins by more than a length in 1:58.2, and pays \$3.60.

Dancer's opinion of Ore has jumped in the last two minutes, and now he is saying to the colt that he bought last year for \$75,000 (and will pay another \$50,000 for if he wins that much this year), "You're an extra nice horse." For his efforts, a drive that was a piece of cake, Dancer got his 10% driving fee (\$2,812) plus the 12½%, representing his share of the ownership (\$3,515), a total of \$6,327. And this doesn't include Rachel's 12½%. Rachel is involved in a lot of horses and was the sole owner of the 1965 Hambo winner, Egyptian Cander.

And with the \$1,400 Dancer gets for victories by his horses driven by Ronnie at Pocono, he figures his day's work put nearly \$9,000 in his pocket. He changes his clothes, pauses a bit for some shrimp and celebration and then is driven, this driven man, back home to New Egypt, just before first light. His plan is to be up again at 8 a.m. to fly to Montreal to race there Sunday and then fly home again; then to New York on Tuesday and home, to Brandywine and Columbus, Ohio, Thursday and home; Buffalo and the Washington, D.C. area Friday; Pocono Downs Saturday. "This," he exclaims, "could be a fun year."

END

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OUTDOORS / Gregory Jaynes

'Trappin' kind of stands alone'

For Dorothy Gooch, nothing—not even making love or fishing—can compare with the thrill of trapping

Her father and grandfather farmed in the summer and trapped in the winter, and when she was 9 Dorothy Gooch learned the fox will run the ridges, the possum will stay in the damps. She learned to find skunk, mink or weasel, to wade the rivers and the creeks and to set traps in the slides of the beaver and the muskrat. This was the message of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Make do. Use a light at night and the deer will stand still before you. Learn to can, learn to pickle. Learn to clean, stretch and dry your hides and learn to do it quickly, time being money.

She was married early, became a mother early, a divorcee at 17. She moved about. She worked all night in textile mills and learned to drink beer at day-break. When she was 35 or so she met a man named Frank, a good provider, and they were married in the north Georgia valley where they had grown up; Dorothy Gooch choosing to be married in blue jeans, Frank Gooch choosing to buy her a dress.

Frank built them a cinder block house on a gashed-out mountainside, just beyond a trout farm, 15 miles north of Suches, 20 miles south of the North Car-

olina line, and Frank went to work cutting timber for a living. Dorothy was to stay home, to be a woman, be a wife, be a mother to Frank's daughter by an earlier marriage. Her own daughter was married and gone. Dorothy Gooch went crazy, she said. She could not stay in the house. "Housework," she said, "is for maids and ladies." Three years ago she bought 600 steel traps and returned to the business she had learned from her father. She did well for two seasons, earning \$1,500 the first, \$2,000 the second. But the third was bad.

It looked to be a good winter on Nov. 20, 1975, the opening day of trapping season, and Dorothy Gooch was ready. The traps were rusted, the way they should be, having been left in the rain. A new trap, a well-oiled trap, assaults the animals' senses. Her four-wheel-drive Bronco was tuned up and running sweet. Her father, who is 72 and too old to trap, would serve as her driver, letting her out at one point on the Toccoa River, picking her up a mile and a half downstream. They would run 150 traps a day, ranging 75 miles from home, starting before light, ending in darkness. Finding her catch, she would drown the beaver, the

muskrat, the mink; club the possum, shoot the fox, the bobcat, the skunk. Shoot the skunk quickly before it sprays. Then run to it, pull its tail up tight and spread its hind legs so it will spray on the ground. The pelt will bear no odor that way. "If you don't like the smell," Dorothy Gooch says, "you're in trouble." Frank Gooch says, "Skunk don't like the smell no better than you do."

But before the season was well along she took a spill on her fresh-mopped living room floor and suffered a concussion. The cold weather made her head hurt; her sinus acted up. Frank Gooch stopped his wife from wading the waters. She had to be content with a few traps in the woods. There were bobcats (\$25 a pelt), a few red fox (\$30), fewer grays (\$18). She was not fit to trap. And, woe upon woes, a bill was introduced in the state legislature to outlaw steel traps.

This is the night Dorothy Gooch talked about as she sat before her fire, the mantle adorned with a symmetrical arrangement of bobcat paws. "Those damn Humane Society ladies don't know a damn thing about what they're talkin' about. Excuse my language. There ain't no way I can tell you the thrill of trappin'." There

continued

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OUTDOORS continued

ain't nothin' to compare it with. There's makin' love. And fishin'. And gettin' high on somethin'. And trappin'—well, trap-pin' kind of stands alone, I'd say. Can I get you a drink?"

Dorothy Gooch, an attractive woman though nail-hard, went to the kitchen for a 16-ounce glass. She poured an inch and a half of vodka, topped it with three inches of orange juice, topped that with an inch and a half of vodka. "I'd be willin' to bet you ever damn one of them damn ladies got a damn fur coat in their closet. Pardon my damn language."

Dorothy Gooch said she and the other trappers were getting flack from the coon and fox hunters, who are supporting the steel-trap ban. The hunters' dogs, the well-trained blue ticks or red bones or other hounds, are forever getting caught in the traps. "I got one little dog out there been caught in a trap dozens of times," she said. "Now, ever' once in a while, when you're lookin' at him, he'll hobble around just for sympathy. He ain't hurt." (For two days it was observed that Dorothy Gooch's dog is a three-legged dog.) "The damn thing wrong with this bill is that there ain't no way in hell I can hide a two-foot-high cage. I can't trap with those damn cages that they want us to use. You excuse my language, I didn't have much schoolin'."

She made another drink and said, "I'm about to die being cooped up in this house."

She headed outside and climbed into the Bronco. Driving down the serpentine road, negotiating switchback after switchback, the mountains high and bare on one side, the Toccoa River running along the other, she said, "We got no wild turkey left. The grouse is gone. You don't hear the red songbirds or the blue songbirds anymore. The animals got 'em. Ever' body in this county lost corn to the beavers last year. They dammed up the rivers and flooded a lot of the crops. You stop anywhere along here and ask any man that's got chickens if he minds me trappin' fox. He'll say, 'Hell no, woman, you go right ahead and get as many as you can.'"

She pulled into a rutted mountain pig trail, shoved the stick into four-wheel drive and said, "Come on, baby, let's roll. I can't afford the damn cage traps. They gettin' \$15-\$25 a trap, retail. Right now I'm payin' \$2.50 each for steel traps,

\$4.40 for beaver traps. Look off down yonder. You see them beaver dams. Look how that marsh grass is growin' in that bottom land. Now that ain't supposed to be. That's good farmland. Was."

Rolling back to the Gooch house: "You lookee here. We got a meetin' Wednesday night of the trappers' association. Frank don't want to go but I'm gonna make him go. I'm gonna be the first woman member. Welcome to come with us."

Frank was driving, drinking a beer, and his wife sat next to him, sipping a screwdriver. They both wore brand-new jeans and jean jackets. Frank is a tall, roughhewn man, a genial outdoorsman who eats venison twice a week, year round. Frank stopped the car outside Elford's Restaurant in the mountain town of Blairsville. He and his wife went in and were shown to a pine-paneled back room where 30 trappers sat smoking and drinking coffee. Many wore overalls. Several were toothless. The Rev. Sam Henson offered a prayer.

"Dear Lord, we know that You were the first one to use the skins of little animals to clothe Adam and Eve. . . Precious Lord, we thank Thee for putting the little animals on earth for us to trap. We pray to You, Eternal God, that You'll cause the little animals to step on the trigger of these traps, so these people can catch 'em and sell 'em and make a little money. . . Lord, we hope too that You'll keep us in good health, 'cause You made the streams and the rivers, and we walk beside 'em and sometimes we fall in 'em. Thank you, Lord."

The moderator was Phil Nichols, a trapper and golf-course manager. "Now, boys, we got to organize if we're gonna fight this bill," he said. "The purpose of this meetin' is to organize the Georgia Mountain Trappers and Landowners Association. I was down to the capital the other day and me and my buddy looked kind of pitiful. The next time we go down there I want to take a busload of trappers. I won't want to go down there and find 300 fox hunters and me by myself." Nichols proposed a \$10 membership fee. "I've done got us a membership card made up. There's a bobcat on one side and a beaver on t'other."

The group voted unanimously to organize and the next order of business was the election of officers. Dorothy Gooch

continued

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2. Forget about water Take a shower or go swimming. The Laser 220 is so water resistant that it withstands depths of up to 100 feet.

3. Forget about shocks A three foot drop onto a solid hardwood floor or a sudden jolt. Sensor's solid case construction, dual state crystal, and cushioned quartz timing circuit make it one of the most rugged solid state digital watches ever produced.

4. Forget about service The Laser 220 has an unprecedented five-year parts and labor

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5. Forget about changing technology The Sensor Laser 220 is so far ahead of every other watch in durability and technology that the watch you buy today, will still be years ahead of all others.

THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT

Other manufacturers have devoted unwise ways to produce a watch you can read at a glance. The new \$300 LED Pulsar requires a snap of the wrist to turn on the display, but the Pulsar cannot be read in sunlight. The new \$400 Longine's Genius combines both an LED and liquid crystal display (press a button at night for the LED display, and view it easily in sunlight with the liquid crystal display). But you must still press a button to read the time. All these applications of existing technology still fail to produce the ultimate digital watch: one you can read under all light conditions without using two hands. Until the introduction of the Sensor.

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Sensor's five time functions give you everything you really need in a solid state watch. Your watch displays the hours and minutes constantly, with no button to press. But depress the function button and the month and the date appear. Depress the button again and the seconds appear. To quickly set the time, insert a ball point pen into the recessed time control switch on the side. It's just that easy.

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The new exclusive laser sealed tritium and phosphor light source is a thin solid state tube that automatically illuminates the display when the lights dim.



Would you do this with your solid state watch? Of course not. Most solid state watches require care and pampering, but not the Sensor. You can dunk it, drop it and abuse it without fear during its unprecedented five-year parts and labor warranty.

ment without opening the case. In short, your watch should be accurate to within 5 seconds per month and maintain that accuracy for years without adjustment and without ever opening the watch case.

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raised her hand and asked, "I want to know how you uns feel about havin' a woman in this outfit."

"Wished we had 20 more just like you," one man said.

"We wanted you or we wouldn't a invited you," said another.

Two men were nominated for president, the winner the one receiving the highest showing of hands. Mark Westmoreland, a building contractor and fur trapper, was elected.

"I'm gonna be on 'em like a tick on a dog," Westmoreland assured the group. "I started trappin' in 1969. I got involved in it and there's nothing I love better."

"I want to tell you boys somethin'." There was a chicken farmer come up to my porch the other day and he like to cried. He said he'd lost 29 hens. Nigh before he lost 18. I went over to his place and I seen his creek and I seen them chickens. Looked like somethin' had just sucked the blood out of 'em. I thought it was a weasel. I set him some traps and it turned out it was a mink. I caught that mink and that farmer like to beat that mink's head all to pieces. What I'm sayin' to you is, if this law passes, a man can't even protect his chickens."

Dorothy Gooch was elected reporter. She said she would have to learn to write up the meeting and to take pictures.

They ate venison and mashed potatoes with gravy that night. Dorothy Gooch, getting out the dishes, said, "Frank, what are these things on my china cabinet?"

Frank said, "That's the bearings out of the witch to my 'dozer."

Early this spring the bill was killed in the Georgia legislature. But there is word that it will be introduced again next year, and, for that reason, the Trappers Association has decided to hold together, and to plan over the summer its defense of the steel trap.

Dorothy Gooch lived alone this spring in her red cinder block house in the mountains. Husband Frank, she says, "ran off and left me." She hopes for reconciliation, but, as she says, if they do not get back together, "I made it a long time without a man before I married Frank. I can't see goin' out and pickin' up another one just to have one around." She is busy these days trout fishing in the mornings, pulling weeds in her ginseng patch in the afternoons.

END

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by Jen Palmer



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APPOINTMENT AT

A STARTING LINE

*In Montreal on July 31 at 6 p.m.
Filbert Bayi and John Walker have
a date that promises to make history*

BY KENNY MOORE



CONTINUED

Their race has already been run, countless times, in the Montreal of the imagination. Always it is the same. The Tanzanian, Filbert Bayi, is in front, beautiful and remote, running with a grace and elegance that serves to emphasize the power of the man just behind, in the stalking position, John Walker, tan in the startling black uniform of New Zealand, his shoulder-length hair flying, has on his face an eagerness for this battle joined at last. The pace is unprecedented, 53 seconds for 400 meters, 1:50 for 800, the remnants of the field falling away to struggle for the bronze medal. The time for three laps is 2:48, assuring a new world record for 1,500 meters. Down the last backstretch Walker challenges and Bayi responds, still potent, as he was in 1974 when he won the Commonwealth Games in 3:32.2, two yards ahead of a less mature Walker, both of them breaking Jim Ryun's 6½-year-old record. Now Walker hangs three yards away as they lean into the turn with 200 meters to go. His outside arm uprooting furiously, he begins to close in once more. Out of the turn with 100 meters to go they are dead even, the searing formalities completed, ready to discover the best man, the best miler who ever lived.

And then it evaporates, the imagination fading out in a puff of questions: Which man *ought* to win? Which character will have best survived the myriad stresses leading up to this race, to these final yards? What kind of men are these, accursed and yet blessed with each other at the peak of their careers? To judge such things, the observer must search them out in their faraway countries, must watch them and listen carefully.

Seen from above, perhaps from atop a tourist hotel, the city appears tranquil, its mango and weeping fig trees shading the streets, lateen-rigged canoes and dhows ghosting among the ships of the harbor. But the dust of Dar es Salaam is sour and burns in the chest. Garbage decomposes quickly here; one walks the waterfront through the nearly palpable stench of rotting fish. People drink orange-colored water from dirty glasses proffered by dirty-fingered vendors. Men squat in the dust, the black exhaust of buses rolling over them. It is 92°. The humidity is 90%. The visitor is importuned often, to exchange his dollars on the black market, to buy, to drink, to ride rather than walk. "Indestructible taxi service!" shouts a man in a battered Peugeot. One sees many deformed or crippled children, because Tanzania, one of the world's 25 poorest countries, cannot afford polio vaccine. Recently in Mbeya, near the Zambian border, 25 people died of rabies

within four months, yet a campaign against the disease was abandoned, reports the daily paper, "due to a lack of bullets for shooting rabid and stray dogs."

Filbert Bayi, a lieutenant in the army, is living in a small cement bungalow on the grounds of an officer training school on the southern edge of the city. The house has a red-tile roof, a hedge of thorn and lantana. Inside, the walls hold Chinese pennants and photographs of Bayi finishing races. There are large trophies from Italy, England and the U.S. Across the back of a couch is draped a white New Zealand sheepskin. Bayi, wearing only blue nylon shorts, sits on the couch and stares at the floor. He is beaded with sweat, his left shoulder swollen.

"I am better, a little," he says weakly. "Yesterday I couldn't talk and I vomited. Now that the sweating has started, it is good." He holds the small of his back. "Malaria, this is my disease. If the mosquitoes bite me, I always get it. My blood is weak, I know it. This is chronic malaria. If you, a European, caught it, you could die very quickly. But if I or other Tanzanians who have built up an immunity catch it, we are in bed for one or two days. But we have malaria organisms that are dormant. If we catch cold or do something to lose resistance, we will suffer from malaria from time to time. This time it was a reaction to a cholera shot. I used to get it a lot, but not so much now. I take no medicine for it."

Bayi thumbs through some running books brought by the visitor, then returns to bed.

Later, the visitor attempts to run, to test himself in the thick tropical air, doing slow half miles with a promising

Helen Stenberg is only one of Walker's friends, but it's obviously puppy love.



Tanzanian runner named Emmanuel Ndemandoi. He finishes cross-eyed, nauseous with the heat. Yet as he stumbles into the infield he sees Ndemandoi scurrying to put on his sweat suit. Jogging, the visitor shakes out his arms, letting the wind flow around his dripping body. Feeling a dry touch, he finds himself holding hands with the young African. "Karibu," says Ndemandoi. Welcome.

John Walker stands in knee-deep water, warm little waves breaking over his thighs. He wears shorts and a blue singlet that says ROBINSON BROTHERS APPLE WINE. The previous day he had run a 1:46.6 800 meters in Wellington, on the other end of New Zealand's North Island, and this morning had managed seven miles on the grass in the Auckland Domain, but his Achilles' tendons were sore throughout. Now he has come north of the city to the flat reaches of Long Bay. "The salt water is good for horses' legs," he says. "It's got to be beneficial." He does not wade freely but hunches forward. Beneath his feet are smooth fragments of shell, some pink like scallops. He gazes across the wind-scoured Hauraki Gulf, pointing out some of the headlands and islands that fill the confusing Auckland seascape. "This is living," he says. "If I weren't a runner, I'd be a fisherman." Slowly he walks from the sea, perhaps slightly less bent, and crosses the twisted roots of a grove of old pine trees. On the other side are hundreds of Sunday picnickers. Walker makes his way toward the friends he has driven up with—Ross Pilkington, a housing maintenance contractor and race walker, Mark Kennedy, a journeyman half-miler from Van Nuys, Calif. and Gail Wooten, a hurdler. As he

moves through the throng he is recognized, it seems, by everyone. Tan, heavyset men with European accents buffet him with questions about the prospects for the gold medal, the bad luck of not getting Bayi out for a race. Walker is unfailingly patient with these people, but controlled, giving the same answers again and again, saying yes, if his training goes according to plan he has a good chance to win, that he'll certainly try his best, that the public ought not to be too hard on Bayi because it is the Tanzanian government which vetoed his coming. Always the cry follows as he moves on: "Good on you, John. We'll be with you." The observer develops a vague fear for him, that this innocent but constant pressing, forcing him repeatedly to ponder and discuss the imperatives of the race in Montreal, will eventually diminish that moment, remove the spark.

Walker drops to the center of a blanket, within the perimeter of Pilkington, Kennedy and Wooten, and becomes invisible, the crowd passing unaware. He puts his head on his forearms, long hair falling about his face to form a little cave, shutting out the world. Shrimp and canned salmon are passed around, with bread and butter. The shadows lengthen. The wind mounts. Walker curls on the blanket, not wanting to leave, somehow at peace despite the barbecues sizzling around him, an argument in Croatian, red-footed gulls descending raucously upon the bread crusts.

Finally he rises. Wooten, perhaps out of curiosity, touches his heel. Walker reacts sharply, spinning away with a shout. Turning to the frightened girl, he says, "Touch anything else you like, please, but not there." Tying his shoes, he pulls so hard one of the laces snaps.

In the car back to town Walker says he is disappointed in his races so far during the New Zealand season. "But it's all right for the Olympics. The buildups never desert you." This is a reference to the peculiar cyclical training system followed by most New Zealand runners, a rigid division of the year into racing and preparatory phases. The buildup, for Walker, is eight to 10 weeks of running 90 to 100 miles per week, at the end of which he is covering 18 miles at a near five-minute-mile pace three times a week. "Really punishing my body," he says. Traditionally, in the schedules originated by Arthur Lydiard, coach of Murray Halberg and Peter Snell, this stamina work was done once a year, through the winter. But for the past three years Walker and Rod Dixon, the Olympic 1,500-meter bronze medalist from Nelson, on the South Island, have done two buildups per year, before the New Zealand and European summers. Walker sees this compression of seasons as the key to his improvement. "We're doing buildup

continued

Win or lose, Bayi will tie the knot with his fiancée Anna when the Games end.



upon buildup, and with so many good races in between you keep from getting bored. You have something to aim for all the time."

Over a card table later in the evening, his blackjack winnings arranged in piles before him, Walker turns to the distant opponent, seemingly compelled to speak of the challenge presented by Bayi and of how John Walker is responding. "The thing is, the world, the press want to build this up as a historic clash, but I have to look at it simply as another race. It will be hard, but all my races are hard." Walker is quick to acknowledge the influence Bayi has had on the act of miling. "Without him I'd be sitting back and kicking with 300 to go. I lead all my races now. I'm realistic now. The only way to beat Bayi is to run the way he does." He pauses a moment, his hands tightening on his thighs. "You know, that first lap in Montreal could be a 53."

Yet Walker cannot agree that the man who has transformed his event has done so out of genius. "It's not genius, it's a temperament, a steadiness and concentration, plus the natural speed to put it to use running out in front. He's bright, don't ever forget that. I've got enormous respect for him. . . ." Again he is silent, his jaw setting. "But I don't worry about him. He says I worry about him. He says he just runs, and maybe he does, but I wouldn't call what I do worrying. I work to a plan. If I go for a world record, I want to set it up. I want to go through three-quarters in 2:53. . . ." He describes the pace in his 3:49.4 world-record mile lavishing rather more care on it than needed to make his point. Yet when asked if the contest between Walker and Bayi could be represented as the world of scientific planning vs. the mysteries and primitive intuition of Black Africa, Walker winces. "No pills, a beer for lunch, parties the night before. . . . I'm the most unscientific runner I know, compared with those who have to have everything just right before they can compete. And Bayi, look at the buildup he does, 130 kilometers a week running only six days, and in that horrendous heat. He's a natural all right, but he's also dedicated and well coached. We're different people from different worlds, but I believe that in our running we're fairly similar. We love to run hard, we hate to lose. I wish people would leave it at that."

And Bayi the man? "He's a friend, a switched-on sort of guy. I think he's got more clues than the rest of the Africans. He's a sharp dresser, a dancer. . . ." But again Walker lapses into the competitive obsession. "I don't think he's avoided me. Only he knows that. We expected him in Europe last summer and he didn't come, but look at the odds. If we raced four or five times on those good tracks there is a chance I'd beat him and take his 1,500 record as well. I wouldn't set it up for him, why should he set it up for me?"

Walker seems to be bearing up well under the pressure of being a world-record holder, the standard-bearer for a small country's proudest tradition. He says, "It's hurt me, the public's expectations. . . ." and goes on to tell of a year earlier, running with bronchitis to fulfill a Manurewa club commitment. "I did 4:07 and it destroyed me. I couldn't run properly for three weeks. My hemoglobin went from 16.1 to 12.8. I couldn't do a mile without walking. All because of a club commitment. And later, when Bayi and I were

racing at Mount Smart and he was tired from leading into the wind and drifted out from the curb and I went past on the inside, the public accused us of a fix." Walker knows full well that the demands of his nation are insatiable. When Walker was unsure whether his tendons would permit him to race in Wellington, the local athletics chairman, Mr. Colin MacLachlan, expressed his concern by saying, "If he doesn't run it will be a sad blow and a big disappointment to the public." Yet he does not refuse interviews to reporters from women's magazines, nor does he cut down his racing schedule to protect his tendons. The reason comes slowly to light as Ross Pilkington tells of a run on the Domain, Walker hidden among a mob of other runners until they pass a crowd of children spilling out of the trees. "And John says, 'I better go to the front now,' and they see him and it is bedlam." Walker, hearing this told, smiles at the memory, an unaffected, tender expression. "They run onto the track after my races," he says, "all with their little scraps of paper. The kids' memberships in New Zealand athletic clubs have swelled three times over since the world record. Kids are running mileage because it's the sort of thing they can do without much coaching. You see kids having 'Walker-Bayi' races on the sidewalk." He tells all this in a tone of mock resignation, but his pride in it is unmistakable.

"Swollen again," he says, his hand caressing the back of his left Achilles' tendon. "I feel that." There is a half-inch-long protrusion beneath the rough, dry skin of his heel. "The doctor says that eventually it will have to be scraped. It's a matter of time."

"How much time?"

"He doesn't know."

Walker decides to spend the night at Pilkington's. He has a glass of fruit juice and sits in a booklined parlor. He lowers his voice because people are asleep in the next room. "Rask Wohlhuter told me two years ago that he'd hate to be the first man to go under 3:50, yet he tried to do it twice last year. And I remember how it was, imagining it in my training, what the joy would be, the satisfaction. And then it came, and it was like nothing I'd imagined. An ordeal. Everything went flat." His next words are spoken barely above a whisper. "I wanted that record. I wanted it. Now I wish I didn't have it."

His gray Volkswagen beetle roaring and trailing smoke, Filbert Bayi drives rapidly across the undulating country west of Dur es Salaam. "We are going to Kibaha, about 20 miles," he says. "We are going to the shamba of a friend to get fruit and chicken. Chicken for fresh chicken soup. Then I think I'll be all right." It has been two days since the worst of his malaria. "I didn't run this morning because my joints are sore, and my eyes are not fully opened. But after a shower I feel O.K."

One tire has a slow leak. Bayi stops for air at a ramshackle gas station. The leathery foliage of cashew trees rattles in the wind. Women in bright patterned khangas or dark Muslim dress troop along the sandy verge of the road. Upright and strong-shouldered, they carry babies, produce, axes. Bayi, in contrast, is tastefully muted in a beige knit jacket with brown trim and matching brown bell-bottoms. Farther on, he points out the site of his new house, now a

continued

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pile of bricks at the end of a rocky lane. His view will be of rolling grasslands dotted with huts beneath baobab and palm trees. "Three bedrooms," he says, "and a sitting room and dining room. They are marked on the ground. But just now there is a shortage of cement."

In Kibaha, beside a functional Norwegian-built school, Bayi meets Erasto Zambi, his Canada- and East Germany-trained coach. They gaze for a moment over the school's gray cinder track. It was here, says Zambi, that Bayi trained for his race in the African Games in 1972, in Lagos, Nigeria, a race that turned out to be a revelation. "In Munich, Filbert ran in the pack and he lost in the qualifying. In Lagos, Kapchoge Keino was the big opponent, and he had said he was running his last race. Keino has a best 200 meters of 22.7. Bayi has a 24.9, so if it comes to the last 200, Keino will win. I told Bayi, 'We don't expect you to win anyway; you go to your effort, and either he will catch you or he will not. He probably will, but if you have run well, you will break your best record and set a new Tanzania record.' He stayed in bed all day and awoke only half an hour before the race. He did exactly as I told him. He went away from the start so fast, people thought he would never finish." Zambi's eyes shine with the memory. "But when he got to the last turn, with 200 meters to run, Keino was far back down the straight. Filbert won. And that was when he found the idea of his way to run."

Bayi joins Zambi in the coach's green Volkswagen beetle, "because it is better on the trails." As they jounce along a red and dusty road the passenger door constantly flies open. Zambi reaches across Bayi each time and pulls it violently shut. "Hang on," he says. The road narrows to a sandy track through lumpy plowed fields, citrus and cashew orchards, clusters of mud and wattle huts with thatched roofs, their windows covered with chicken wire and burlap. Finally they reach the shamba, a compound of small buildings housing chickens and an attendant, surrounded by groves of fruit. The bananas, papaya, peas, pineapple and sugarcane all grow together, twining into a bounteous jungle. Bayi is excited, disappearing into the thickets at a lope, returning with great stalks of bananas, papaya the size of loaves of bread, and his prize, an armload of hard, tiny, white tomatoes. "The reason why we come to the farm is that everything is cheaper," he says. "A papaya that is 25r in town is only 10r here." He prowls in the cane while Zambi mounts a small rise and looks onto the neighboring land. "It is amazing how things grow here," he says. "If they get enough water, it is only six months from planting to harvesting bananas. But the rains are not regular. This man has water, so his farm is rich, but those people across the valley do not. The government is trying to help. Right now they are digging one well for every 20 families."

Bayi does not come from this coastal area but from the highland village of Karatu, 90 miles from Arusha, west of Kilimanjaro. His mother still lives there with four of her eight children. "I don't know why I got this name, Filbert," he says. "The priest gave me this name. My tribal name, given at birth, is Habaye. I don't know what that means, either, but I have been teased because the word for hysteria is habayet." He goes on to say that his father died before he was born and his mother soon remarried, so he

was raised by a stepfather. "It is different from Europe or America, I think, how Africans treat stepchildren. There was a time when my stepbrother and I took the cows into the forest and they became excited and ran away. We came home and said the cows are lost and my stepfather beat me, but he did not beat his own son. So I thought, 'He cannot be my father.' " There is an artless grace to Bayi's English, his third language after Ilaag and Swahili, and it often takes on a certain aphoristic finality.

"When you are born, you can't know what is in front of you," he says, "and when you are grown and look back, there is nothing you can change."

"What caused your real father's death?" he is asked. "Poisoned. They gave him poison."

"Who gave him poison?"

"My mother didn't tell me everything. He was traveling, selling goats and cows. Some people didn't like him." He goes to the hen house, emerging with two dozen eggs in a square metal can, and they drive to the home of the farmer, where they are ushered through a courtyard filled with quiet, staring children, and into a dim room, where it is cool. They sit on sofas with ornate lavender antimacassars. A woman brings large glasses of water. The farmer, a natty man named A. Ruben Pullangyo, accepts payment for the fruit, asking Bayi's new army assignment. Bayi explains that he has been relieved of his duties as an administrator at an officer-training school to devote all his energies to Olympic training. Before his world record at 1,500 meters, he had been a sergeant working in aircraft maintenance. "My specialty was the frame," he says with a proud little nod. Then he was given a commission. "But officers don't use a spanner, they just give advice," so his work on airplanes ceased, with regret. "I want to be a pilot someday," he says with feeling, "but there is a long way to go between technician and pilot. I hope after the Olympics I can begin to learn."

Back in the car, Bayi shouts, "Chicken. Now we get chicken." In a few minutes they draw up to an infernal scene. In a small space between houses and barns, dark water boils in oil drums placed over sooty fires. Boys carry spurning chickens from a block where their heads have been chopped off to the cauldrons, and then, plucking as they go, to men seated on old tires who eviscerate and quarter the birds. Adolescent boys, so lean that the skin moving over the ridges of their abdominal muscles seems translucent, their bare feet coated with blood and feathers, pack the chickens into wet plastic bags. A centipede, six inches long and gleaming black, moves along one wall. "It is not dangerous," says Zambi. He kicks it, and the sound is that of kicking a rock.

As Bayi receives his stall-twitching chicken, there is a cry from a nearby hen house. "A snake," says Bayi, and he joins a knot of people shouting and pointing into the thatch of the roof at a smooth, soft, gray-brown snake that looks very much like the rope holding the roof poles together. "Don't go near," says Bayi. "I hate snakes."

"Of course it is poisonous," says a man. "All snakes in Tanzania are poisonous." That this is not true does not calm Bayi. He picks up some rocks and lobes them tentatively into the thatch. But when a man comes up with a long stick, meaning business, Bayi beats it back to the car.

Fully provisioned, Bayi and Zambi return to Kibaha for

continued

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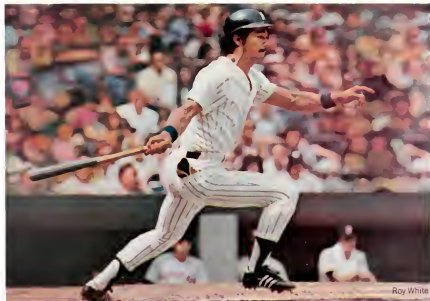
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lunch in a student cafeteria. They order omelets and mtndi, a pungent milk beverage, sometimes said to be made with cow's urine, containing soft, filamented curds. Bayi eats his omelet with his fingers, saying it is perfectly proper in Tanzania to tell a waiter you know where your hands have been, but you cannot be sure about his silverware. He is asked if he ever receives offers from U.S. college recruiters. "Yes, many. I say I have army duties to fulfill. But all these colleges teach is bookkeeping, geography, salesmanship. I say, 'Do you have a school for airplane maintenance?' Then they stop writing."

A bashful youth comes for an autograph. "Why not?" says Bayi. When the boy has gone, Bayi shows a small, composed smile. "It is good. When I become old, there will come from the children other good distance runners."

The talk turns to opponents. "I like to make friends with anybody. There are athletes who do not, men who cannot accept the chance of losing, but most are good. I like Steve Williams, my best American friend. John Walker is the same way. My teammate Suleman Nyambu and Steve Prefontaine were friends, they both loved parties. . . . Because you know you can't win every time."

He orders a cup of tea and puts in several teaspoons of sugar.

"You certainly like sweets," he is told.

"Myself, I am sweet," he replies, smiling.

Dr. Lloyd Drake, physician and counselor to John Walker, has a spacious home in the Auckland suburb of Papatoetoe. Just now it is filled with cables, cameras and television people filming a documentary on Walker. Drake reminds one of a character from *The Wind in the Willows*—the Badger, perhaps. A fastidious, gregarious man, he is crisply turned out in plaid bell-bottomed slacks, a lime-green shirt and salmon tie. Walker, after stretching in the doorway, is filmed going through a Harvard step test and relating his training of the previous day to Drake. He is perfectly natural, to the point of breaking his laces while changing shoes. Then the television people take him off to the garden and Drake discusses his Achilles' tendons.

"John is a stiff, muscular person, all power but not flexible. His soleus muscles in the calves are very fibrous. The elasticity is going, thus putting more stress on the Achilles' tendons. So he's having massage to break down the fibrous matter, to keep those muscles supple. It is a progressive problem only so long as he tries to push harder in training. How long he can run depends on how long he races hard. At his present rate, his athletic lifetime couldn't be over three, perhaps four, years. Be assured, we'll get him through the Olympics if I have to massage his legs myself."

The phone rings. Drake answers, learning that Walker's world record for the mile has finally been ratified by the International Amateur Athletic Federation, after having been held up by the old question of a pacemaker who did not finish the race. Drake goes out to the garden, where the cameras are on Walker, sprawled on the grass, speaking of his early career. Drake pauses a moment, then crouches beside Walker. "Your mum just rang, John, to say that your world mile record has finally been accepted."

Walker looks up at him sharply. "Is that a fair bug?"

"Fair bug, John."

Walker falls backward on the lawn, arms over his head. Then abruptly he struggles up, remembering the camera. "This has been hanging on for months," he says somewhat sheepishly, as if he feels he ought to narrate the scene. "I had to have my doubts. I felt I'd run so damn hard that night—that someone else leading the first 800 was my luck—and then to have the thought of someone coming along and wiping it out with a pen. . . . Well, it's good to have it over."

Drake returns to his sitting room, glowing. He addresses himself to the sort of life Walker leads. "They live it up in Europe, do John and Rod Dixon, racing, traveling, partying. God only knows how he does it. I think he'd be better for more rest, less night life, but this seems to be his balance. If he were restricted, it might produce tensions. I can only wonder what the pressures are, running at the level he does. But when he's looking buggered, I'll ask him to get in some early nights. He'll have two or three. But it's just his balance, that raw energy. He works hard, he trains hard, he plays hard. I don't want to spoil that. That's John Walker."

Walker departs and heads for Mount Smart stadium, a grassy bowl that has New Zealand's only Tartan track. His coach, Arch Jelley, is standing on the infield, giving times as runners pass. A small man with steel-wool hair escaping from a golf cap, he has on brown oxfords, pink socks, green walking shorts, a yellow shirt. His face is weathered and given to a grin that is sharp at the corners, seeming wolfish, but Jelley, a schoolmaster, is a marvel to one used to the authoritarian ways of U.S. college coaches. He considers himself a counselor, with no leverage save the faith of the runner. "John has had a hard sort of life," he says. "He left school at 17 and had to fend for himself an odd job. Once he saw he was doing well at running, he simply wanted to be the best. I don't sort of hover over him. I see him once a week or a fortnight when he's doing his build-up, more often when he's doing track work." Nor does Jelley go with Walker to races outside Auckland or nearby towns. "I think that's best, to encourage independence in runners. Eventually they've got to have that, haven't they?"

Walker stands beside his coach. "Taking a night off," he says. "Leg not the best."

Jelley nods. Walker says that because of the time he has been giving to the media he hasn't been able to work effectively (he is an advertising salesman for a radio station). "My boss said, 'Don't worry about it, mate.' That's a bit better understanding than we've had."

Walker drives home, passing a sign in his town of Manurewa that says **RINO PEDISTRIANS CROSS HERE**. The Walker house—until recently John lived with his parents—is beige clapboard with a corrugated iron roof. The living room strikes one as similar to Bayi's with the marble-based trophies, the sheepskin, a photograph of an 800-meter race at Mount Smart with Bayi leading Walker. There is a picture of a racehorse, Master John, whose next offspring will be called John Walker.

Leah Walker, John's mother, is a large, sometimes booming woman from whom he inherits his shape of nose and eye. Both his sisters, Leona and Sue, are tall, large-boned,

continued

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BAYI-WALKER continued

Red Dixon and Walker will race over 1,500 meters the next night. Now Dixon and his wife Debbie arrive for dinner. They look through the program for the meet, but Walker's attention wanders. He speaks of having had a fine lunch that day. "I'm a little vague on the place and the food, but it was good company," he says. "Marvelous company."

Dixon looks up knowingly. "These women will be the death of you."

Walker lies back in his lounge and considers. With relish, he says, "Good."

The track in Dar es Salaam's National Stadium is of hard asphalt, which seems to have been shoveled in by hand and patted into place with the back of the spade, leaving hillocks. On the home-stretch, where military parades are conducted, it is covered with a thin layer of sand. The backstretch is strewn with chunks of broken coral. In the afternoon a hand placed on its gritty, elephant-gray surface will be jerked away, burning. Surely, this is one of the worst tracks in the world. Filbert Bayi runs intervals on it five times a week.

"Yesterday he did two 300s in 38, two 400s in 57, one 500 in 1:12.5," says Erasto Zambé. "It was good because it was his first track running after his malaria. Today he and Nyambu will do 400s at varying speeds." Bayi has warmed up with a mile jog from his house and several rapid laps of the infield. Now he sits beside Zambé and takes a little rest, slipping off his training shoes. His feet show no visible veins and tendons, but are smooth, like the rest of him. His calves are the opposite of Walker's, being long and narrow. His power is in his thighs, but nowhere is the muscle clearly defined. He differs from Nyambu, who has veins standing out on his legs, shoulders and arms. Bayi runs his fingers between his toes, picking at a callus, and slowly eases on his spikes.

There is no sense of anticipation, of hard work ready to be done. A friend asks about his plans to be married, and Bayi smiles, almost shyly. "The wedding was to have been last August, but my fiancée got pregnant and we had to put it off until after the Olympics. Instead we had a birth, a boy." One is reminded of a line by Roger Fouquier in *The Makonde and Their Culture*: "In traditional black African society the only unpardonable sin is sterility." Zambé remarks that they

continued

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shouldn't give off too much. Bayi and Nyambur rise and walk across the track to the starting point and begin, doing a 61.5 for 400 meters, then walking and jogging a lap.

"I don't think we will soon get another so good as Filbert," says Zambi softly, watching the pair trudge into the wind on the backstretch like a pair of burdened old prospectors. "He is so self-disciplined. For example, he must rest every afternoon, if he doesn't rest he does very poorly. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't chase after women. He goes to bed between 7:30 and 8:30 every night and is up at 5 a.m. to do his cross-country running. Then during the day he has lunch at his relatives', where his fiancée and child are staying, and sleeps for an hour and a half, two hours. I told him, 'Why don't you get married?' He said, 'I don't want to get involved in family things until after the Olympics. I know how hard it is to keep a woman.' It is this intelligent self-discipline, so unique in such a young man, that explains why he runs so well."

Bayi's next 400, in which he draws away from Nyambur near the end, is 53.0. Zambi smiles, musing: "People say running for its own sake is too difficult. In football you run because there is always something you are chasing for, but in athletics there is nothing. It is so tough to hold a record in a world with Europeans and Americans and Australians and New Zealanders... Ordinary people who know little of running say it is so hard, Filbert must have some supernatural ability somewhere. . . . I was discussing recently with a gentleman I met in the market. He said, 'Filbert has magic in him.' The runners pass, accelerating. 'It is not magic,' Zambi says firmly, 'watching them flow over the rocky surface. They finish in 61.0. I cannot claim I am Filbert's coach. I am just helping him. He has developed a consciousness of himself, a knowledge of what he must do. He has so many coaches—every trip the officials assign different coaches. Sometimes he has been furious at managers who didn't know what to do. I don't blame him when he says, 'I have no coach.' He knows more about what he is doing than any of us."

Bayi's fourth 400 is 56.5, his fifth 63.0. Strangely, the two runs seem identical, so balanced is Bayi's stride. To judge the pace, the observer must watch Nyambur,

whose torso comes erect on the faster laps, whose arms lower and pump. Nyambur lives in Mwanza, near Lake Victoria, where he is a math and Swahili teacher. He has come to train with Bayi before they embark on an early-season tour of races in the U.S. and Italy. Alone, he had struggled to do 64s. "You love alone," says Zambi rather sternly. "You win alone. So you must train alone. Filbert Bayi does not mind being alone, but other athletes, they say they need their friends along at practice. I think he has created it, this self-discipline." He pauses to time Bayi's sixth 400, a 52.8. "Filbert was raised by his stepfather. He was treated very rigidly. African customs don't give very much liberty. Then there was his tribe—Iraqi. It is one of those that is very hard-working. It is a shame in Filbert's tribe to be told you are lazy. There are those of other tribes who do not understand him, who say he trains this hard so he will get a good job, so he will get assistance. This is a wrong assumption. Filbert Bayi runs because it is in him. He always says: 'I love sport' and 'I want to run for my nation.'"

His last 400 is run in 57.0. "One thing Filbert's success has done, it has stimulated the country. Previously, one who was teaching sports—especially after that football—was considered a useless man. After Filbert's world record, people in the army, the schools, the police—if they ask time to train, they will get it. The officers say, 'Go. Be like Bayi.'"

After a recovery lap Bayi sits down. He touches his temples, complaining of a headache. There is a V-shaped scar on the inside of his left knee. "That was in Oslo," he says, where he was spiked while experimenting with running in the park. "I learned," he says. "And if I forget I have only to look at my leg." As he removes his spikes, carefully examining a blister on a toe, another runner, a man so gap-toothed and ugly as to be fascinating, quietly places Bayi's flats before him, in the manner of a servant.

In a sweat suit, John Walker arrives somewhat later than expected at the apartment of John and Debbie LeGrice for dinner and a massage. He has come from a run in Cornwall Park with Arch Jelley. Both were sore, Jelley favoring a calf muscle pulled while playing soccer on the beach, Walker still aching in his Achilles' tendon.

Debbie LeGrice, a former 400-meter runner who was coached by Peter Snell, has prepared a rubbing table from a doxy on sawhorses, a thick woolen blanket and a parsley sheet. Now it serves as a dinner table. She and Walker eat shrimp cocktail, steak and chops, lime cheesecake. The apartment's large windows give a view of lights scattered on the harbor. There is a rushing wind in the trees, soft music on the stereo. "Do you want to know the day of your death?" asks Walker, and relates some of the clairvoyant gifts of his grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Broadley. "She told one woman she would discover her husband lying in the yard and, thinking him drunk, she would kick him, but he would be dead. And it happened." Debbie's eyes are wide.

The masseuse, a soft-voiced woman named Phyllis, enters, still wearing the starched dinnert of a waitress in the Swiss restaurant downstairs. Walker strips to his shorts while the dishes are cleared, then lowers himself stomach first onto the table. He appears full of tension, arching his back, his head up. "Just be very careful of my Achilles," he says. "They're still quite tender."

"Don't worry," Phyllis says gently, speaking to Debbie, who sits nearby. "I won't do anything to harm him."

Debbie hands Walker a glass of sparkling red wine. He sips and places it on a side table. Phyllis begins on his lower calves, at the sides of the tendons, smoothing on oil, rubbing upward toward the knees, her pagtails swaying.

"Why did you let your legs get in such a bad state, John?" It is less a question than a sigh.

He puts his head on the pillow, his chest swelling.

After a few minutes Phyllis moves on to his hamstrings, rubbing with both hands together, isolating individual muscles, sliding them between fingers and thumbs. She asks how he is putting up with the demands of the press.

"I don't like it, the same questions time and again. But it's a difficult situation. You can't just say no. That would create a bad press, which would probably cause me more worry than what I've got now. That comment won't carry into the muscle, will it?"

"Né, of course not. Now I want to have a go at your back, John, if you don't mind." She works carefully along his sides, up his arms to his shoulders,

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"John Walker, you should be grateful," says Dehlie. "Phyllis chopped off her lovely long fingernails today, all for your body."

Walker's expression softens. "You're beautiful, Phyllis."

She works on his deltoids, the base of his neck. He writhes a little. She asks him to roll onto his back and goes over him again, from his toes, ending by gently stroking his forehead, his temples, the bridge of his nose and his cheekbones, smoothing away his sun-streaked hair. It has been an hour and a half. He is finally limp, eyes closed, one knee up.

"Does that feel nice?" asks Dehlie, herself mesmerized.

Walker doesn't open his eyes. "I don't respond to touch," he says. Then his head comes up and he shoots her an apologetic glance. "I feel a beauty, honesty. Beautifully only. Do you have a bath?"

"Show me only, I'm afraid."

"I like a bath. I fall asleep in a bath and wake up with the water bloody freezing, steam all over."

He takes a shower, singing *They Call the Wind Marou*, and comes out in his sweat-soaked robe, carrying his shoes. The laces are tufted with knots. He pulls hard on them and one snaps.

Filbert Bayi is awakened by birds with voices like drops falling into a pool. It is 5 a.m., an hour before dawn. He puts on green shorts, sweat top and road shoes and sets off in the dark, down a petholed road, heading south past the National Stadium, past an army camp, quonset huts inside a mud wall, where the air is thick with the powerful ancient aromas of speed dates, coffee. He passes a company of soldiers double-tapping, looking sourly over at him. Outside of town, Bayi accelerates gradually, through an infinite number of gears, his reaching stride getting the most out of his long thighs, going hard up every hill, fast and relaxed on the descents, through low, malarial places where pink light in the East is reflected on water beneath stunted trees. He runs through villages, scattering goats. People stand transfixed as he

shoots past, now running better than five minutes per mile. Cocks crow. Baobab trees and tin-roofed shanties are silhouetted to his left. To the right, hills become visible, and columns of smoke above distant fields. After 30 minutes, at a bus stop in the village of Mbagala, he turns and heads back. Traffic huddles, trucks diving him onto the road's rocky shoulder. He runs the last mile to the stadium hard, then stops to stretch on the steeplechase water barrier. "In China I met old people, but still strong," he says. "One hundred years old and still doing exercises." He demonstrates with a slow, graceful pirouette. "I want to live two centuries." He laughs. "I don't like to die. I want to live."

He jogs to his home. At such times he reveals a fine bodily sentence. "You feel now without weight," he says, "very light, very relaxed." Chickens cross the bare yard. "I feel like something cold, very cold, to drink."

Over a Coke, he discusses his place in Tanzania. "President Nyerere has spoken of rights and duties. In the Western countries everyone talks only of rights, but in China, in the East, duties to your community are important. He said that Tanzania, which is poor and needs to develop, ought to emphasize every man's duty to his brothers, to do his job not for himself only, but for Tanzania. I feel this way about my running." He will never turn professional. "The best way to live is not to have problems, not to be fat. Richness... There are many ways you get the riches." His tone suggests that all are vexations to the spirit. "I wish not to have problems. I am a simple man."

The evening of John Walker's final race of the New Zealand season, a 1,500 at Mount Smart, is filled with a cold, swirling wind that has the crowd of 5,000 huddling under blankets. Walker comes late, distracted. Trying to get to the meet on time, he had been clocked by a patrolman at 80. "Halfway to the car he did a double take and said, 'Oh, Mr. Walker, why can't you do your racing on the track?' He let me off with a warning. It might have been better to go to jail. I'll be lucky to do 3:42 in these conditions." During the introduction of 1,500-meter entrants, Rod Dixon rolls his eyes as Walker is hailed as "the man you've all come to see..."

Larry Wiehern, a stocky half-miler,

is the rabbit, streaking away at the start with only Walker going after him. The two have 20 yards on the field at the 400, passed in 56.0. Walker trails along the backstretch the second time, then calmly takes the lead with 850 meters to run, runs a curve into a cloud of dust blown up from outside the track, and passes 800 meters in 1:56. It is a terrific pace. The announcer, recalling that Walker was 1:55 in his record mile, says he is disappointed. At the bell, with one lap to go, Walker looks skyward in supplication for an instant and shoulders into the wind, passing 1,200 meters in 2:54.2. Noting that splendid time, the observer is on his feet, shouting him home—and is told by people behind him to sit down. Through the backstretch and turn Walker lifts, running with abandon, finding out what is left. In the last yards he is tired, his form going. Across the line he sways out, and jogs, recovering rapidly, while word of the time comes from the announcer: 3:35.6, the equal of a 3:52.8 mile. There are events left to be run, but the crowd starts flowing out, disappointed, while the athletes on the field run to Walker, forming an applauding line along the curve as he trots back, shaking hands. They know what kind of a run it has been.

"It was bloody windy," Walker says. "My throat's burning." But he knows how well he has run and glories in it. "I'd have killed him. I will kill him."

Arch Jelley beams from within an oversized windbreaker. "I think we'd have seen the world record go under calm conditions. John is running very strongly, very determined to do a good job."

Anna, Bayi's fiancée, a shy, delicate woman, holds his hand as they walk through Dar es Salaam's tiny, chaotic airport. She is gaily dressed in orange, but is pensive, her eyes downcast. Behind the pair comes a throng of sleek dignitaries and bustling aides to see Bayi off on his trip to the United States. The luggage is taken and the group is ushered to a lounge by a customs official. Anna promises to run a little while Bayi is gone. "Crocodile pace," says Filbert. "Very slow."

"I'm not sad," she says, compressing her lips. She is asked if she will be able to go to Montreal. "I don't know," she whispers. "It is a great luxury."

She is allowed to walk with Bayi

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BAYI-WALKER

continued

through the night to the bottom of the steps to the plane, along with the president of the Tanzanian Amateur Athletic Association, the Director of Sport for the Ministry of Youth and Culture and half a dozen others. Bayi squeezes her hand and she steps away, brave, smiling, as the officials send him up the ramp. "We consider you a rowing ambassador," says the sports minister. Bayi gets to the door and gives a flash of a backward glance, checking. Anna nods and he is gone.

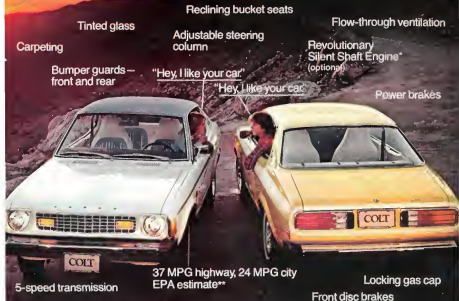
The morning after the 3:35.6, Walker runs on the Dersman. It is hard to warm up. Stretching does not relieve the pain. He thinks of Jelle's letter, of the same advice not to jeopardize Olympic training given him by Dr. Drake. He decides not to race indoors, but merely to have a holiday in the U.S. The following evening, wearing a white New Zealand sweat top made by Debbie LeGrice, he boards a flight for Los Angeles. "I'll be right," he says to his gathered friends, and blithely departs amid press photographers' flashes. There are no officials in the bon voyage party, which repairs to the airport bar. Dr. Drake, growing increasingly jovial, says, "He's taking it well, the not racing. It's a measure of his determination to succeed in the Olympics." Rows Pilkington agrees. "If he's quiet, or seems to be worrying about other people, then he's crook. If he sings in the bath like he has been, he's coming right."

Leah Walker speaks of the ox she has purchased for her freezer. "Thirty-four cents a pound is not bad for a 500-pound beast." She thinks of the mushrooms needed to accompany all those steaks, recalling the day John came home from running with the cry of "Give me sacks."

"He had found that little paddock at the rear of the quarry, hidden by stones, and it was white with mushrooms. He filled my window seat with them, a foot deep." She notices Debbie LeGrice quietly listening, her expression far away. "Ah," says Leah Walker, "he's like a ray of light round us all."

The observer withdraws, thinking of Bayi and Walker, the luck of these balanced and gifted men to arrive at their best together, hoping luck will hold against disease and strained connective tissue for a while longer, that the Olympic 1,500 meters may be doubly fit. **END**

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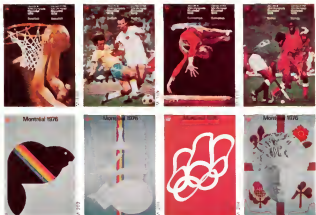




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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BASEBALL

Sir:

Neil Leifer's picture of the "discussion" at home plate during Game 1 of the New York-Boston series says it all (*Yankee Doodle Series # as a Dandy*, May 31). I've long felt that Billy Martin was one of the very best managers in baseball, and being a die-hard Yankee fan, I'm glad he's back in pinstripes. He's got them off and running, and evidently when it comes to using their dukes, he's given a few pointers on that score, too.

MICHAEL ALAN EDDY

Los Angeles

Sir:

Your most enjoyable article captured a certain playoff type of excitement that lately has been missing from the Yankee scene. New York is a patsy team no longer.

WARREN ROSENBERG

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir:

In my opinion, Larry Keith took cheap shots at the Red Sox and belittled their achievements. Your picture captures emphatically Rick Burleson's contribution to the brawl. Fine. However, you failed to make note of Mickey Rivers ambushing Bill Lee. I know New York is a good ball team and they are in first. But why didn't they dispose of Lee by means of their baseball skill rather than their "boxing" skill?

JAMES T. HORNSTEIN

Pawtucket, R.I.

Sir:

I was totally disgusted by the fight. In my mind the real villains were Mickey Rivers and Graig Nettles, who with their newly discovered talent could make the Philadelphia Flyers.

PETER ANDERSON

Waterford, Maine

Sir:

The middle of a brawl like that is no place for a team's only left-handed starter to be.

STEVE PRICE

Hudson, N.Y.

Sir:

Hockey in May? Ridiculous. Basketball in June? Impossible. But the Yankees and Red Sox fighting as of old, that is beautiful. It must be almost summertime.

JOHN F. TRIPP

Canton, Mo.

SOCKEY

Sir:

I am fed up with your cutting down Philadelphia teams. Serge Savard of the Montreal Canadiens says, "The Flyers were the worst thing to happen to hockey" (*Scorecard*, May 31), and you say Savard may be right. The Flyers play a rough, aggressive game and it won them two Stanley Cups. I don't see how Savard can say this with Larry Robinson on his team. And when the Yankees and Red Sox clear the bench, you call it "dandy."

MATT WILLIAMSON

Havertown, Pa.

Sir:

The Canadiens' Stanley Cup victory was a gratifying conclusion to a season of disgrace for the National Hockey League. The Montreal skaters proved what real fans have known all along: the best hockey is clean hockey, in which any aggressiveness takes the form of hard but clean checking. Do you think there is any chance of league moguls, coaches and players catching on?

CONSTANCE O. JANKS

Canton, Ohio

Sir:

I agree with Bobby Hull (*Bolter Shows Gordie How*, May 31). Hockey is getting too violent. And the same can be said of basketball, thanks to such teams and people as the Boston Celtics and Coach Tom Heinsohn. Hockey and basketball are games that should rely on outposts, outshooting, outskating (or outrunning) and outpassing the opposition. A fine example of a true basketball player is Julius Erving. Dr. J led his New York Nets to the ABA title via his amazing maneuvers, not by outmouthing others.

J. J. ROGERS

Montgomery, Ala.

CHARLIE AND FLIPPER

Sir:

As an employee of a tuna-packing company, I have been sensitive to the biased or incomplete articles on the "porpoise vs. tuna" issue. However, Donald Dale Jackson's *The Dolphin Catch*—and *Catch-22* (May 24) is by far the most fair and comprehensive report on this complicated matter to date. I have distributed copies to my fellow employees, because Jackson has told the story better than we have been able to do ourselves.

DONALD T. MARTINDALE

San Francisco

enclaved

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laughed at tradition.*

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YALE MAN ON THE RUN

Sir:

As a marathon runner and contemporary of Frank Shorter's at Yale, I read with particular interest Frank Deford's superb article (*In the Long Run It's Shorter*, May 24). Deford succeeded in capturing the essence of marathon running; his description of the aftermath of the Boston Marathon is a journalistic *tour de force*. Yet the article's greatest merit lies in the skillfully woven portrayal of Shorter, who truly lives up to the ancient ideal of *mens sana in corpore sano*. Frank has been a big winner in all that he has ever undertaken, yet he remains a refreshingly gentle and humble man. Having been a spectator in Munich for Frank's gold-medal win and an also-ran in the 1975 Boston Marathon that Will Rodgers captured, I feel certain that the Shorter-Rodgers confrontation will be one of the highlights at Montreal. I plan to be there, and I'll take Shorter by 30 seconds.

STEPHEN ALAN CUSHNER, M.D.
San Francisco

Sir:

Many thanks for the fine portrayal of Frank Shorter, America's premier long-dis-

tance runner. The article gave the reader great insight into the motivation and philosophy of not only Shorter, who represents the ultimate, but distance runners in general.

Runners who race distances greater than a mile have for too long been regarded as lonely men who make heroic sacrifices in order to achieve an ambition. In fact, we are like any other athletes who wish to reach a goal. For most of us, the fun and joy come from the training, the reaching and the working for triumph. Shorter, the articulate Yale man, characterizes what distance running is all about, and Deford comprehends and conveys it in fine fashion.

Syoset, N.Y.

MARC GORBAN

Sir:

Frank Deford did a terrific job of getting the intimate feelings of the marathon across to the readers.

Incidentally, tell Louise Shorter that the streets of Gainesville are a lot safer for runners now. This town has become a runner's paradise, and her husband's years of running here undoubtedly helped to make it so.

THOMAS P. WILD
Gainesville, Fla.

Sir:

Frank Deford's article was enough to inspire this former middle-distance runner, now middle weight and approaching middle age, to don the old track shoes and once again test his body over a number of miles in a personal marathon. The resultant blisters and muscle spasms only reaffirmed what I already knew. It is much more enjoyable to run vicariously with men like Frank Shorter through the written word of talents such as Deford.

Florence, Ala.

RICHARD MORAN

Sir:

Your May 24 issue offers a fascinating contrast in attitudes. In the article \$9,000,000 *Frenchman Say He's the Guy*, Guy Druat the hurdler says, "I prefer a man-against-man victory to a record. That's the real joy. Beat the adversary!"

Frank Shorter the marathoner states, "There is no sense of conquest, none of this business about *vanquishing* anybody. My only thought is, 'Here we are, damnit! We made it!'"

LEWISTON, MAINE

GEORGE C. FETTER

continued

The results of the \$250,000 Longest Ball Challenge:

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Blue Max—no show.

Royal +6—no show.

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What may cause stress. If the diet is inadequate, severe injury or infection, chronic overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting — any one of these conditions may create stress and may cause water soluble vitamin depletion.

Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins.

STRESSTABS 600 has a single purpose: to help you correct a water soluble vitamin deficiency. With 600 mg. of Vitamin C, and B complex vitamins, high potency STRESSTABS 600 can help restore water soluble vitamin losses and help maintain good nutritional balance.

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19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

Following his disputed loss of the 1908 Olympic marathon to the American Johnny Hayes, Dorando Pietri came to this country to compete in a planned series of professional races against Hayes, Tom Longboat, the great Indian distance runner, and several others.

To the delight of his Italian fans, Dorando beat his American rival in a race held on the old Madison Square Garden, but he lost to the Canadian Longboat. The series of races was short-lived, it was a financial failure.

Hayes, who raced for the Irish-American Athletic Club of New York City, coached the Panzer Athletic Club of Union Hill, N.J. in 1919, and I was a member of that track team.

BEN ROSENBERG

West Hartford, Conn.

POLITICAL INTERFERENCE

Sir:

I was disappointed to read in *SCOREBOARD* (May 24) of yet another international sports event—the Soviet Junior National Basketball Team vs. the California High School All-Americans—being marred by politics. It is obvious that many countries, the U.S. and Russia included, have come to the belief that the outcome of international sporting events defines the superiority of one political system over another. It is clear that it no longer matters to some judges and referees how well the athletes perform. Their only concern is which country the athletes represent and their political ideals.

If it isn't too late to restore some dignity to international sports, politics should be driven out of the arenas and back into the smoke-filled rooms where it belongs.

PETER R. STERNBERG

San Mateo, Calif.

Sir:

I can never understand why we bother to compete against the Russians at all when objective officiating is required. Sports competition with obvious political bias is not true sports competition at all, and, as such, the athlete suffers the most. I say either clean up the officiating or put an end to dual athletic meets with the Soviet Union.

JOHN BRASIERE

Lebanon, N.J.

RIGHT WINGER

Sir:

I would like to congratulate J.D. Reed for his fine article on Reggie Leach (*In the Rocker's Red Glove*, May 17). For the first time in a long time a writer talked about the talent the Flyers have on their club and not their hard-hitting, aggressive style of play.

PHILIP PICORA

Philadelphia

Sir:

I think Reggie Leach is one of the best (perhaps even the best) right wingers in the NHL today. However, I do not understand how he can say of his years with the Boston Bruins, "I know I was better than at least one of their right wings." If memory serves, those right wings were Johnny McKenzie, Ed Westfall and Ken Hodge. Reg, don't let success go to your head.

JOHN BERNZ

Boston

SHARK'S-EYE VIEW

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed *Showering Sharks* (May 24) by Stanley Meltzoff. At first glance, before reading the text, I thought the paintings were photographs. After closer examination, I realized how Meltzoff had transformed awe-inspiring reality into works of art.

R. JAMES SCHILLAY

King of Prussia, Pa.

Sir:

What a fantastic article with unbelievable paintings. It reads like an underwater travelogue.

CLAY MILL

Greenville, S.C.

HATCHERY FISH

Sir:

Re They Ain't What They Used To Be (May 10), when was the last time Michael Boughman went steelhead fishing in Idaho? Not for a while, no doubt. Steelhead have declined so much here that we have had no season. It seems to me that without the hatchery fish, we in Idaho will have as much luck catching steelhead as Boughman would have hunting trophy unicorn.

Has he ever thought that just maybe the hatchery fish might produce enough native fish that someday we will not need to raise "slugs"?

WILLIAM MARKLAND

Ketchum, Idaho

NO ONE GETS FIRED

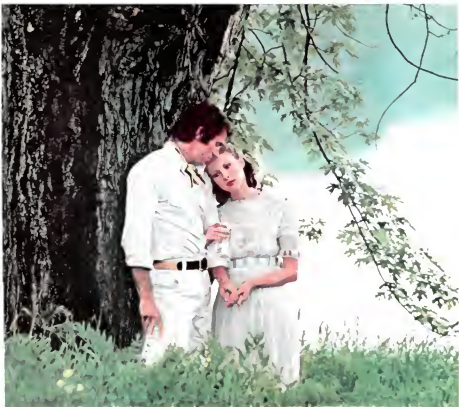
Sir:

Regarding your article on Japanese baseball (*Blowed Out Never Blowed*, May 10), a *Kyajo* (rest and recuperation) plan of a sort has already been tried in the States. In the early 1960s the Chicago Cubs tried a system of revolving coaches. Two men, Elvin Tappe (twice) and Lou Klein (three times), returned from *Kyajo* to resume the duties of head coach. It didn't work.

W. E. WAGNER, M.D.

Yankton, S. Dak.

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